A color photograph of a woman with short brown hair, wearing a green dress, holding a baby in a blue outfit. Three other children are sitting on the grass in front of her. The background is a lush green garden with white flowers.

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MAY 14, 1952

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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4 JUL 1952
NEW SOUTH WALES

A short story

By JOYCE GRIMSTON

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

MAYBE I'm an exception. Maybe, but I don't really know any more. Maybe it was because Charles was one sort of man and Mike was another.

Maybe it was because all the articles I've ever read in the glossy magazines have been wrong and men, after all, like their women—their real women, I mean—as nature made them.

Maybe there is no explanation. As I've said once before, I don't know. Here are the facts as they happened to me, so just you decide.

I'll tell you about Charles first—Charles, whose face and whose figure and whose beautiful baritone voice I had long admired from the gloom of the lofty "gods."

I couldn't quite credit my good fortune when I met him at a party given by a certain social-climbing friend of mine. My chin quite literally sank on to my chest and I quickly retired to the kitchen to recover some semblance of poise.

I returned with the elusive now-or-never streak in my too often retreating nature well to the fore. I was unashamedly, out to hook my man—if not for keeps, then at least for a series of expensive dinners in the places any girl longs to be seen.

I left the party walking on air, and it wasn't the champagne. It was the fulfilment of all my dreams, it was love.

Love or no love, I slept the sleep of the just that night, to awaken at ten-thirty the following morning—a Sunday—in a pleasant aura of well-being. Something wonderful had happened last night, and I lay in bed and gloried in it.

I wove intricate day-dreams around our conversation; when the memory of what Charles had said didn't quite tally with what I would

have liked him to have said, I made it up. It made no difference—I was gloriously, extravagantly, and quite unreasonably happy.

The phone rang. If I'd been jet-propelled I couldn't have been out of bed more quickly. I told myself, as I reached for my dressing-gown, it's mother, it's Aunt Laura, it's Liz from the office; I told myself, over and over again, as many times as I could before I reached the phone, to be sensible.

But I needn't have been sensible, because it was Charles.

"What am I doing?" I repeated his question, playing for time. "Cooking lunch," I lied. "The family's coming round. Of course I can cook. What am I cooking now? Well, there'll be mushroom soup to start with, then roast chicken, with lemon meringue pie to follow. Oh, no, really, it's too easy . . . I do it all the time."

I hated myself, I really did, so fresh in my mind was my struggle with a bag of flour, a dollop of lard, and that rare piece of culinary literature "Cooking Without A Cook."

I had no more intention of cooking lunch that day than taking lessons on the harp, and, of course, my family weren't coming to lunch. But it sounded so right, so whimsical, so oh-what-a-little-woman-it-is.

Anyway, how was I to know that his favorite food was lemon meringue pie and that he'd ask himself to lunch?

I played for time again, beset by grisly visions of an unsavory-looking tin of herring roe sitting alone on my pantry shelf.

I explained that my mother had just come back from a long, long

holiday, that my father had been nigh unto death, that I hadn't seen my sister for months, and that, on the whole, I thought (though I'd love to see him some other time) that to-day wasn't really the day.

Thinking it over, the whole story smacked of lies, lies, nothing but lies, but at the time I didn't think; I was satisfied that he had phoned.

We arranged to meet later and to drive into the country. I gloried in the fact that, unbeknown to him, I had almost a whole day to prepare for the wonderful evening ahead.

For quite a while I sat by the phone and gave myself up to that wonderfully extravagant thing called ecstasy. Sooner or later I came to, and then the whole business started. I can't remember everything I did, but I do remember that I gave myself the works.

I LOOKED up all the beauty articles I'd ever read, scanning them for new facts and for confirmation of the old. They ranged from the high-brow ones on How To Be Beautiful to the low-brow ones on How To Get Your Man, which, to me, have always meant one and the same thing, only expressed differently.

"Grooming" caught my eye. And I remembered the spot on the skirt of my dress, the bit of lining undone in my coat. In a flash they were done; pressed, too, under a damp cloth. My shoes came in for an extra polish, bottoms as well as tops. Even my gloves—they could do with a steam and a brush.

But which hat? The plain little velvet or the black felt with the velvet rose? Neither looked right; out scissors, a snip, a stitch, and it



Within a week she met them both, Charles and Mike—so different—the first so suave and smooth, the second so free and easy.

was a case of velvet hat and velvet rose—pretty.

My cosmetic case came in for a shampoo, along with a powder puff, a comb, and my one and only really nonsense handkerchief.

One by one I laid my things on the bed, and thought smugly that the woman who wrote that paragraph on grooming had nothing on me.

I didn't need to read anything about a woman's crowning glory to realise that my hair wanted washing. I can cope with it quite well myself, but (to my everlasting shame) as my hairdresser does it with so much less pain, I usually let him. But here was an emergency.

A somewhat exhausting hour later I was pinned up and tied up like a Christmas pudding, and looked equally as fetching.

I surrounded myself with pots and jars, eyebrow tweezers, nail file, emery board, cuticle remover, cuticle cream, hand lotion, toilet water, talcum powder, etc., etc., and ran myself a hot, steaming bath.

I'd been putting it off for a long time, that awful de-fuzzing process, but here I was faced with the fact that this really wasn't fuzz on my legs, but a good, healthy growth of fuse wire; and I was armed with nothing less vicious than a pumice stone.

On the whole, though, I came off comparatively well and lost only one patch of skin, and that I

prayed, would be covered by my skirt.

I stepped out of the bath smelling wonderful, and attacked my straggly eyebrows.

Then I went to bed again, well almost, for I was mighty tired. I lay flat on my aching back with pads of cotton-wool soaked in witch-hazel on my eyes. But I couldn't keep still for long; I was far too excited.

When I got up, I discovered to my horror that my hair wasn't nearly dry. The quickest way of drying it, I'd always found, was to put my head as far into the gas oven as I could without asphyxiating myself.

While sitting on a cushion on the kitchen floor I had disturbing thoughts about what would happen if, indeed, I was overcome with fumes. I imagined the headlines: "Beautiful Young Girl Found Gassed" or, "Was It Suicide Or Was She Drying Her Hair?" I shuddered at the indignity of the whole thing and gave up.

I was almost ready; another half an hour saw me made up, clothed, and in my right mind. Well, at least I was made up and I was certainly clothed, but I'll not take an oath on the state of my mind.

The door-bell rang.

It was Charles.

"My dear, you look charming,"

he said.

Please turn to page 4



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longer...



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For that "deflated" feeling



IT was on Friday the thirteenth that I met Mike. I needn't tell you that everything had gone wrong.

To start the day of days, the alarm clock stuck and instead of rising at seven I rose with a cracking headache at eight, giving me exactly fifteen minutes to catch my train.

Breakfast was impossible, and when I got hungry I got cross, and I did.

Everything went wrong with my dressing. The zipp on my skirt got tangled up with my petticoat, the brooch I usually wore with my white blouse had vanished, and I couldn't even find a pin.

Somewhere along the line I said a brief how-d'you-do to the soap and water.

Then, to add to everything, as soon as I put my nose out of doors it started to pour with rain and I couldn't find my raincoat.

I got very, very wet.

It was just my luck, too, to get knocked into the gutter by a gentleman with too much weight and too few manners; it had to be a gutter with a drain, and my high heel just had to get caught in the grating.

I tugged with my foot in the shoe and I tugged with my foot out of the shoe, but it made no difference. The shoe was stuck and so was I.

At least, I would have been had not Mike have into sight. He took in the situation in a glance, and, to my shame, the hole in my stocking; with one mighty tug the shoe came away in the hand. The only trouble was that the heel stayed where it was.

I resisted the temptation to sit down and weep. Instead, I thanked Mike a little half-heartedly and hobbled off to my train.

I felt horribly self-conscious, almost ashamed of the whole incident, and I sank thankfully into the corner of an empty carriage. I was cold, I was wet, I was thoroughly miserable, and I was glad to be alone. But as the train moved off I looked up to find Mike settled in my carriage.

Life's Like That

Continued from page 3

He was holding the missing heel of my shoe.

He proved a talkative young man, and, in spite of myself, I found I was talking back.

Every now and again I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the window and was shocked into uneasy silence.

I was hatless, and pathetic was the only word for my hair; the little make-up I started out with had been washed away long since, and I realised, in a moment of horror, that my lipstick was a vivid shade of cyclamen while my handbag and gloves were a glowing red.

We exchanged useless information about our jobs, our hobbies, and how we spent our time. He said I looked the domesticated type, and I was deeply hurt, though in my heart of hearts I couldn't blame him.

Before we reached our station I just had time to tell him the truth about that bag of flour, the dollop of lard, and the culinary treasure "Cooking Without A Cook." In fact, in the heat of the moment, I almost forgot my self-consciousness.

Once out of the carriage, however, it returned as I dot-downed-and-carried-one up the platform.

Here Mike became very masterful and ordered a taxi, assuring me that my office was on his way. Once again I thought of my hair, of the hole in my stocking, in fact, of my whole miserable countenance. But fate hadn't finished her dirty double-dealing yet.

As I got out of the taxi I showered the whole contents of my handbag into the gutter.

In those brief moments I saw that my powder-puff could have been cleaner, and I've since sworn that I'll never buy another white comb, and those letters...

Murmuring something about my peculiar attraction for the gutter, Mike helped me to scoop everything back in; I would have fled cheerfully, without so much as a thank you, had he not insisted on

taking my shoe off to a little man he knew to have it fixed. "I'll send a boy round with it at lunch time. Good-bye, no trouble at all."

He was gone, and I was glad. The morning passed without a thought of Mike.

Came lunch time and a phone call from the hall porter.

"Miss, there's a gentleman down here who says 'e's got your shoe,' bewilderment and disapproval marking every word.

I didn't bother to explain, but asked as sensibly as I could was the gentleman, in fact, a gentleman, or could he be a boy.

I feared the worst.

"Oh, a gentleman, Miss." The porter was obviously convinced.

I went out and collected my shoe from him.

"Lunch?" I echoed. "No, really, I don't think so, not today. No, really—I-er. Oh! you've only got twenty minutes? All right, then, give me two and I'll be down."

Two minutes and looking the mess I looked; two minutes to repair the damage of a cloudburst; two minutes to prepare for a lunch date with a Strange Man.

In just under two minutes I walked downstairs to meet Mike.

"You look as if you're getting a cold," he said.

Maybe it was me.

Maybe it was because Charles was one sort of man and Mike was another.

Maybe it was because men, after all, like their women natural.

As I've said before, I really don't know.

But one thing I do know: I never heard from Charles again, Charles for whom I made all the fuss. And yesterday I married Mike.

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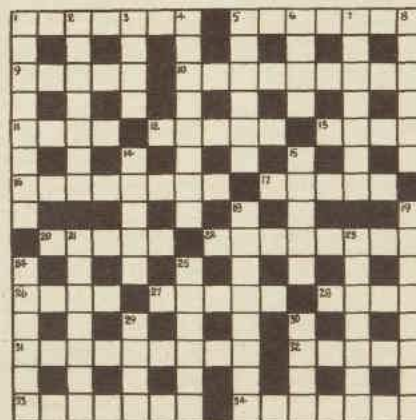
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Get Lear to make another Shakespearean hero (7).
- Knobbing mother's wise man (7).
- Ships are built on them and they are smooth and glossy when turned (9).
- Casualty (Anagr. 9).
- You, you grow old and get a salary (4).
- Holy fish in this alloy (5).
- Done in Holland when turned (4).
- Sample which starts with a bookie and ends with humanity (8).
- Specify in taste (5).
- Heated an evil one (5).
- Born fool of a heavenly body and a young animal (4, 4).
- Woman with a youngmannish start (4).
- Heavenly sheep (5).
- Coin of India and me (4).
- Live adder. (Anagr. 4, 5. And is he reckless?)
- Ward off a green tincture (5).
- Chant the French unmarried ones (7).
- Enriched and the French turned the politician with Edward (7).

CAROL STARTER
B A S A E N
A D I T W A R R A N T Y
U M O G C I
A C C E N T E X T O R T
T A I E
P L A N I S H E R
R O V S
H A R A S S T H A L I A
T N T I S L
T I M B E R E D I T E M
O E U E O N
E N F R A M E K N O T S

Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

- Find agreeable and sensible similarly (8).
- Space for inscription on a coin (7).
- Throw to a steamship (4).
- Surprised frumpy pie in a winter vehicle (8).
- Lady-killer belonging to mother and that woman (6).
- Fill the stocking (4).
- Hard, most ancient man with an insect (7).
- May be cricket or o'clock (6).
- Singular play of Sheridan (5).
- Saint and endure (5).
- Quilt protect and hire (8).
- Artificial fated calf mixed when fifty thrown away (8).
- Firedog and common metal (7).
- Lime in an insect as food (7).
- Swirls with a young man inside (6).
- Complex a doctor and I for a start (6).
- False god will do in the middle (4).
- Ornament made out of a lamb (4).

Design for Meeting

A short story by **TRUDY BLISS**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

If you stood at the street door of 19 Deal Street, three bells confronted you. Below the bottom one was painted *Sark & Son, Builders*; tacked under the middle bell was a card with *Miss Ruth Holt* engraved on it; and under the top bell was the name *William Kilroy*.

The bells must have been for looks, as the front door itself was never locked; you just pushed it open and went straight into the hallway. There was *Saarks'* office door on your left, and the bare stone stairway rose directly in front of you to the two upper floors.

Office work over for the week and her shopping all done, Ruth Holt climbed the stairs to her tiny first-floor flat. A light rain was falling outside and her feet left a wet patch on each step. Potatoes, onions, carrots, and meat dangled in a string-bag from her wrist, while a loaf of bread and the evening paper were tucked under her arm.

She had just reached her own landing when she heard the street door open and shut below her, and brisk footsteps came up the stairs. Ruth quickly inserted the key in her door, but while she was still fumbling with it a tall young man strode by on his way to the floor above.

Ruth was really a very pretty girl, but what she saw in the mirror after she got inside the flat did not please her at all.

"What a mess!" she muttered. "Hair damp and dragged, lipstick off, coat pulled crooked by this wretched shopping." She screwed round and looked at her stockings. "Yes, splashed with mud, and the seams not too straight, either."

She went through into the kitchen and started preparing supper.

"You see what happens?" Ruth scolded herself. Here she rolled the meat in flour and moved some dripping in the frying-pan. "A young man, a really attractive young man, takes the flat above you." The meat started to sizzle. "And whenever you run across him in the hall or on the stairs you have to look like a slattern."

Now she started on the onions, slicing them across viciously. "Yes, that's what he probably thinks you are—a slattern—and a stupid, tongueless one at that." The onions were in, and she was scrubbing away at the carrots. "Couldn't you have said 'Good-evening,' or 'It's wet to-night,' or something, you slattern?"

The vegetables and meat were now in the casserole and she planked down the lid with a bang.

"No, you had to be bending over the keyhole, and all he saw was crooked seams and mud splashes, if he noticed you at all."

She slammed the oven door, went angrily into her little sitting-room, and settled down with the damp evening paper to wait for her stew to cook.

The smell of the stew, a delicious blend of meat and vegetables, went out of Ruth's kitchen window and into the window of the flat above. William Kilroy sniffed at it appreciatively.

He was an attractive young man; Ruth was quite right about that. And clever; straight out of the University, he'd just landed an engineering job, not only good pay but interesting, the kind of work William enjoyed.

And then a month ago there was this bit of luck in finding a flat. William had every reason to be pleased with life. Every reason but one—William was lonely.

But Ruth was wrong about the impression she had made on him. He had certainly noticed her, but he had seen pretty legs, not mud splashes or crooked stocking seams.

And on other occasions he had been much taken with her brown eyes and curling hair, and had longed to stop and speak to her.

Only William was shy, terribly shy. At home or at the University, somehow William had never managed to find himself a girl. He didn't even know how to begin. He felt timidly that once the preliminaries were over he'd get on beautifully, but, oh horrors, the beginning!

This girl in the flat below, for instance. What was the proper approach? Did you take off your hat when you met her on the stairs; when she was loaded with parcels, did you step forward and say . . . well, what did you say? . . . he went hot and cold at the thought. And she probably would look through you, right through you, and sweep by.

Other chaps seemed to manage all right. They had sisters and their sisters had friends. Or they scraped acquaintance with the girls they met at their work. Take Henry, the fellow who worked in the engineering shop with William. He never had any trouble. If only . . . Oh, well . . . and he got out the blue-prints he had brought home to work on.

But it was no good. The blue-prints couldn't fill the empty evening, and the empty week-end, too, that stretched ahead of him.

He lit his pipe and fidgeted about the room. The pipe-smoke mingled with the smell of stew coming up from down below, and William was feeling hungry. What a good cook the girl must be. And William dreamily put on his coat to go out and get a meal.

Ruth, sitting at her window, saw him go. Even from this angle he made her heart beat.

Probably off to take some dazzling girl to dinner and a show. But no! He turned into *The Blue Panda*, that dismal little restaurant at the corner.

Well, that won't be much fun for him, she told herself, and feeling rather more cheerful she turned back to her paper. She'd absorbed the news, such as it was, and the gossip column, and now she settled down to enjoy the home and beauty article.

"Glamour for a penny," she read. "Here's a hint for the tired business girl."

That's me, thought Ruth, and read on.

It really did sound convincing, and so very simple. Just a handful of fine oatmeal and a little warm water, and yet rightly applied it would give your face that "flower-fresh look."

She certainly ought to try that. But not to-night. She was so tired to-night; the morning would be time enough.

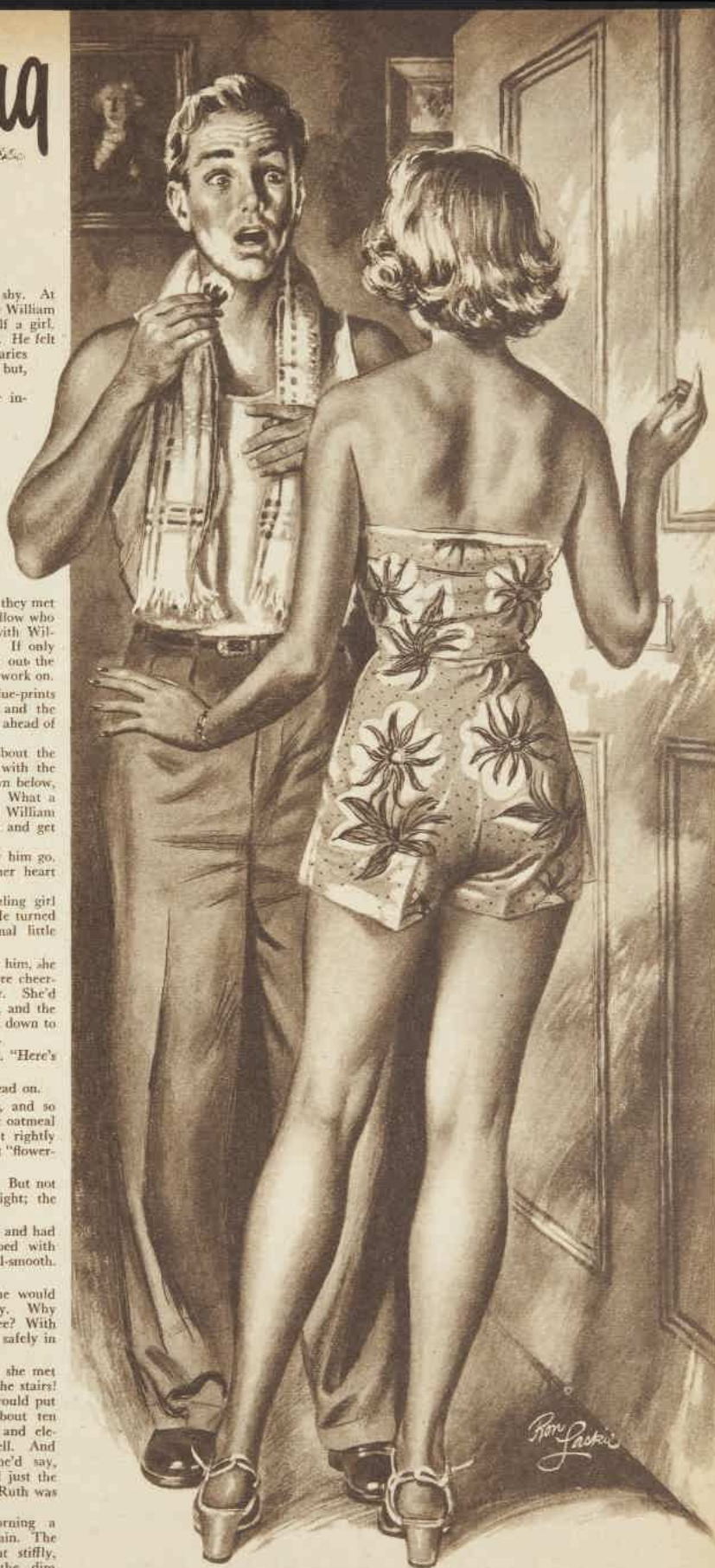
So, after she had had her dinner and had cleared away, she slipped into bed with bright plans for a new face, petal-smooth. And other plans, too.

With her "flower-fresh face" she would make friends with William Kilroy. Why not ask him down for a cup of coffee? With the boldness that comes as you lie safely in bed she planned her campaign.

"Mr. Kilroy," she would say as she met him on the stairs . . . no, bother the stairs! She would be really brave. She would put on the blue linen frock, and about ten o'clock to-morrow, well-groomed and elegant, she'd go up and ring his bell. And in a cool, sophisticated voice she'd say, she'd say . . . oh, well, she'd find just the right words of invitation . . . and Ruth was asleep.

When she woke the next morning a strong wind had swept away the rain. The curtains at her window stood out stiffly, and Ruth looked at them with the dim feeling that something special was going to happen to-day. What was it?

Please turn to page 30



A girl in an abbreviated sunsuit was the last thing William expected to find at his door so early in the morning.

On one of Sydney's sunniest days Miss Lois Morrant became Mrs. John Olson of Ocean Beach, Manly. It was in Manly's blue surf that Lois first met John—the surf that showed her lovely clear complexion in all its natural beauty, and played cupid to this lovely Pears Bride.

That clear, smooth

Pears skin

can be yours!



Babies have it . . .



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YOU CAN HAVE IT TOO!

No matter what your mirror tells you now, you can begin to see improvement in your skin in just a few days. Gentle Pears Soap, preferred by generations of beautiful women, can help you discover your greatest natural asset—the appeal of a clear, smooth skin.



It takes a SLOW maturing soap to give you QUICK results

Even in the rush and bustle of modern times, Pears Soap is still matured for a full 14 weeks to ensure its absolute mildness, its beautiful transparent purity. Only the patient mellowing of fine ingredients could produce such luxurious gentleness, such rapid improvements in your skin.

From clear, pure PEARS soap . . . a clear, smooth PEARS skin

WORRIES come swiftly to CHRISTOPHER HERON when he suddenly becomes guardian to his three young cousins, ROBERT, now Earl of Piershurst, PAUL, and JOSETTE, and must bring them from France to London.

Their nurse cannot accompany them because of family illness. An officious elderly widow, MRS. BELCHAMBER, attaches herself to the party. When they land in England, they are fog-bound and Josette is ill.

Christopher seeks refuge at a rambling farm owned by his irresponsible friend, SCOTTY LINDEN. Their stay becomes indefinite when it transpires that Josette has measles.

Mrs. Belchamber takes charge of the household, ruling it with an iron hand, and Scotty's neighbor, CRESSIDA GRAY, comes from her lovely home, Greensleeves, to help. Christopher falls in love with her and takes a great liking to her father, MAJOR GRAY, but is later dismayed to learn from Scotty that he is a confidence man.

This is a case of deep distress to Cressida. She was also disillusioned by a former unhappy engagement, so is determined not to fall in love with Christopher. NOW READ ON.



"I will make a bad spell," Paul said, arranging the pins. Robert and Josette watched, fascinated.

The Spell

By
ELIZABETH CADELL
ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

MRS. BELCHAMBER came to trust Cressida enough to sit with Josette whenever she was too busy to do so herself; the rest of the time Cressida spent obeying orders and keeping up the morale of Mrs. Garcia, who declared that the new regime had already taken ten pounds off her weight.

"Fading away, I am," she confided to Cressida. "This is the fourth time I've washed this kitchen floor, and these boards aren't made for it. This is a farmhouse, and I liked it better when it looked like a farmhouse. Mr. Linden 'asn't been comfortable since it all got cleaned up."

"He'll get used to cleanliness," said Mrs. Belchamber, appearing from nowhere with the speed and unexpectedness that made Mrs. Garcia feel she had materialised like a ghost. "Mrs. Garcia, you were late this morning."

"Madam," said Mrs. Garcia with dignity, "it's my husband. He didn't get back."

"Back? Back from where?"

"I shouldn't care to say," said Mrs. Garcia dully. "E said he was going to London in the course of his duty, but there was no need for 'im to take Nellie Carson with 'im and keep her there till the last train 'ad gone. It won't be the last time," said the wronged wife with resignation. "When I married flosay they all warned me that 'e was of a roving disposition."

"Married who?"

"Hosay, madam. That's what Mr. Garcia's Christian name is. It's pronounced with a haitch and not a J. 'E don't like to be called Joe, like people call him—he prefers me to call him Hosay."

"Well, don't go away until you've done your full time," said Mrs. Belchamber, coming back to the point. "Late come, late go."

"Certainly, madam." Nothing could exceed Mrs. Garcia's dignity. "But I can't 'elp having my troubles, and a husband who keeps me short and spends his substance on cham-bermaids is a 'cavy weight on me."

"Well, use a heavy weight on him," advised Mrs. Belchamber briskly. "No woman needs to lie down and let a man walk over her."

"There's nothing to keep him at home," mourned Mrs. Garcia. "No little 'ands. If our union had been blessed, 'e would have—"

"—gone off just the same. Now we'll start on these spoons. Sparingly with the polish, if you please, and generous with the rubbing. . . . Cressida, I should like your help upstairs."

She swept upstairs, and Cressida, a little smile on her lips, followed.

"We'll do the boys' beds first. That woman will work better if she has no opportunity to chat. What she ought to do is try to get hold

of some of her husband's wages before he's had time to spend them on other women. She rather enjoys being the injured wife."

"She says she loves him, and—"

"Love!" Nothing could exceed the surprise, the scorn Mrs. Belchamber put into the word. She whisked off a sheet, shook it, and tossed one end to Cressida.

"Love," she said, "is the most over-worked word in the language. The impulse that's called love is given far too much space in the public consciousness. I, myself, now, have never — tuck that in more tightly, will you, please? — have never been in love."

Cressida stared at her. "B—but if you—I mean you were—"

"I was married. Certainly I was. Three times. Twice because I knew what I was doing and once because I didn't. When I was a young girl we spent our time either looking for a husband or waiting until somebody found one for us. I was brought up by an aunt who found my first husband for me. He came from Luxembourg and his name was Federico Bernard, and I was no more in love with him than the man in the moon."

Cressida said nothing; she was longing to learn something of Federico Bernard's successors. She waited hopefully.

"When my first husband died," Mrs. Belchamber went on, "I thought of coming back to England. But he had left a great deal of property and I had to see to it; while I was seeing to it, I met my second husband—he and my third husband were both English and both a good deal older than I was, but I buried them both." She smoothed a blanket briskly.

"People used to say that it was my money they were after, and it may be so, though I had excellent teeth and a good head of hair. If it was my money, they were disappointed, because I don't allow other people to manage my affairs."

Cressida bent over her work, unwilling to look at the harsh, wrinkled countenance before her. She decided that the trio, from Federico onward, had been in search of a home.

Mrs. Belchamber, in her turn, was

reviewing her impressions of the girl before her, and found herself ready to acknowledge that, as girls went, Cressida had some pleasing qualities.

Greatest test of all — though aware of the admiration of Mr. Heron and the odious Mr. Scott, she satisfied the feminist in Mrs. Belchamber by keeping both men at arm's length.

Downstairs, at the same time, Scotty hailed Christopher. "Oh, Chris, I forgot to tell you. There was a telegram for you."

"Who from?"

"It was from that place in France. And it was signed Ursule Desmou- lins. Who's she?"

"Children's nurse. What did she say?"

"Well, I don't want to worry you. She said her daughter is still ill, and you can guess what she's got."

"No!" exclaimed Christopher.

"Yeah!" said Scotty. "Measles!"

"The gallery," read Mrs. Belchamber, seated by the window in the sickroom, "consists of two rooms. In the Salle Chany can be found various relics of the Defense Nationale in 1870-1871." She paused to peer over her spectacles. "Do you know about this Defense Nationale?"

"No," said Josette.

"Oh. Well, I can't enlighten you, but you ought to know your own history. The Salle Ney comprises the—"

Josette lay contentedly in the big bed, listening and looking. When Mrs. Belchamber was tired of reading, she sewed. Scotty's table linen — what there was of it — was in shreds. Her comments to Cressida on the rapid decline and fall of Scotty's living standards grew even more terse and uncomplimentary.

"It's a matter of soft rearing," she said, pushing the needle through a patch in a tablecloth. "No discipline. Take this Mr. Scott"—she jerked her head in the direction of her host, now crossing the stock- yard below. "His own cowman, if he had one, would have more pride. I don't like shiftlessness. What are you showing that child?"

"It's your pincushion," explained Cressida, who was sitting at the head

of Josette's bed. "We're making a spell."

Cressida and Josette were holding the pincushion between them, and Cressida was making a new pattern with the pins.

"What sort of nonsense is this?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

Cressida looked up for a second, eyes mischievous, lips curled in amusement.

"Oh, it isn't nonsense, is it, Josette? We made a spell yesterday for the spots to go away, and — look — the ones on her arms are going. Now we're making a spell so she can eat custard to-morrow." Her head bent close to Josette's. "We make this pattern—see?"

"Yes, I see." Josette took the pincushion and studied it. "Where shall we put it?" she asked.

"You can put it back in my work- basket," said Mrs. Belchamber. "The spells can work just as well in there, and I'll still have a pincushion. Now then, you boys"—she glared at Robert and Paul, who had clattered upstairs and were peering round the door—"let me see your shoes."

"They're clean," declared Paul. "We made a spell," said Josette. "Look."

Both boys clambered on to the bed and looked. "What is it?" asked Robert.

"A spell. Une charme," explained Josette. "To-morrow I shall eat custard."

"Tien!" Paul handled the pincushion reverently. "Est-ce-que"—he stopped and corrected himself—"Is is good spell, or bad spell?"

"Well, good, naturally," said Cressida.

"But if it is good, then it can be bad?" persisted Paul.

"Just like a boy," grated Mrs. Belchamber. "Will it work, will it tick, will it come to pieces? You mind your feet on that bed, young man. And now who?" she demanded, looking at the opening door. "Oh, it's you."

"Yes." Christopher entered, his manner more conciliatory than the one he usually showed to the enemy. "I've had a letter from Ursule."

"From Ursule!" The children were instantly alert. "From Ursule? Has Monique," asked Josette, "got spots like me?"

"Lots and lots of spots."

"Read what she says."

Please turn to page 36

LONG CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF OUR SERIAL



The Courtship of Caroline

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE great Lady Yarmouth's white-and-gold coach joggled along the London road in the May moonlight. Fourteen-year-old Lady Betty Keppel yawned, wriggled, pushed down her hoops, and eyed her companions.

It was worse for her to have to go to London than for her sister Caroline, sitting there so resigned and pretty in her plumed bonnet and travelling cloak. Caroline could moon and make up poetry anywhere; whereas it was impossible to climb apple trees or romp with your brothers and Ned Hereford anywhere but on the estate at home.

Besides, Caroline was grown, and would probably like the routs and balls, whether she said so or not. It was really Caroline's fault, much as Betty loved her, that this journey was afoot.

"Such children!" Betty had heard her mother, Lady Albemarle, lamenting to her cronies, Lady Yarmouth. "Sometimes I've wished old William of Orange had never brought my father-in-law to England and given him the money and earldom. They take their stubborn Dutch ways straight from old Arnold Keppel, along with his good looks and charm. They hang together like a pack of young animals. And willful!"

"My son Albemarle is in London, true, but he is devoted to Cumberland, whom no one else can bear, Royal Duke as he is. August won't marry again, and his wife dead two years—Betty and the younger ones would rather romp with each other than go to town and be trained like young ladies and gentlemen!"

"And as for Caroline, with all her beauty, she'll have nothing to say to her beaux; she'd rather moon in this old country house and write poetry, and correspond with Bishop Percy about collecting relics of old country ballads, than marry any of the young gentlemen and noblemen who've asked her. I'm at my wits' end!"

Old Lady Yarmouth had laughed her fat, comfortable laugh.

"You've let them all run wild too long, because poor Albemarle wanted it. Give her to me, with young Elizabeth to keep her from being lonely for the park. Once in the middle of a London season I'll warrant she'll never want to leave Town again! As for the old songs, they're all the rage. 'Twill help her belleship."

And so, for all Betty's and Caroline's pleading, here they were, on their way. "Your father spoiled you all," their mother said sharply. "I've your futures to think of."

At least, thought Betty, there'd be rides in the Park in the morning. And there'd be Ned Hereford, who was almost like her brother; he'd had no more choice as to being a Royal page than she had about keeping Lady Caroline company. He'd written her brother that it wasn't as bad as he'd thought it would be. Young Prince George, his master, was easy and kindhearted, and let him get off in the mornings before the Palace was up.

"The only thing I can't stand," Hereford had written, "is his talking all the time about marrying your Cousin Sarah Lennox. He rolls up his eyes like a dying duck and says, 'Oh, the beautiful Sarah! She is so hard-hearted!' All this marrying makes me sick."

Betty agreed. But there was no use thinking about that. She began to think of a badger hunt she had planned with her younger brothers.

Through her dreams of badgers and hunts came a sudden jerk. The coach was not joggling; it was pounding up and down. The horses were at a gallop. As Betty clung to the window she heard the coachman's pistol fired.

"Those fools," said Lady Yarmouth, sitting up with a bounce. "What do they—?" Before she could finish there was a final wild wrench. The coach was on its side

and she was screaming "My ankle—my ankle—"

Finally, among scoldings from the old lady and wails from the ladies' maids, they were out of the overturned coach, setting themselves tidy.

"There's no highwayman in sight, you idiot!" she told the quaking coachman. "He'd be on us by now if there was."

"It was a whistle from the bushes, my lady," he quavered. "A signalling whistle."

"No such thing—Mercy me!"

The girls' eyes followed hers. Up the moonlit road a young man walked, whistling as he came. Tall, slim, broad-shouldered, his cloak debonairly over one shoulder and his cocked hat pushed back on his chestnut curls, he strode gaily along as if it were all the mode to carry a little black bag in one hand and a bundle in the other. As he came closer the whistle changed to a song; they could hear the words.

"When like the rising day,
Eileen Aroon!

Love sends his early ray,

Eileen Aroon.

What makes his dawning glow,
Changeless through joy or woe?"

His song stopped short as he drew level with the coach and the ladies about it. Betty saw his brilliant eyes glance at the rest and stay, transfixed, on tall, yellow-haired Caroline, flushed and lovely under her great rose-colored bonnet. And worse, Caroline, who had preferred Nature and her harpsichord to all her beaux, was staring back at him, blushing as deeply as if he were the hero of every romance she had ever read.

He bowed deeply to Lady Yarmouth.

"May I be of any assistance, ma'am?" he said. His voice had a faint wooing strange accent. He smiled at Lady Yarmouth as if he found heaven in her plump old face.

"Not unless you can heal a broken leg and right my coach!" she snapped.

"I happen to be a surgeon," said the young man, "Robin Adair, at your service. Allow me to see to your ankle, and then to help your lackeys to set you and your sisters on your way."

There was a gay devil in his eye and a charm in his manner that the old lady succumbed to. Betty could see. But she snapped back, "Sisters, indeed! Irish flattery! But you'll go far, young man." She stuck out a fat little foot where she sat on the coach step, and he was expertly at work before the old lady's mouth could close. Indeed, it scarcely did at all.

"Why is the like of you tramping it?" she demanded. "You've decent clothes and a manner of a gentleman."

And young Mr. Adair was telling them gaily how he had come from Dublin, where he had been finishing his medical studies; how he'd been set on near Holyhead and robbed of horse and money . . . and presently, by the magic he spread round him, the coach was righted and he was sitting in the coach with them, joggling to London once more, gay and at ease.

And Lady Yarmouth was swearing that she'd give a hundred guinea fee and make his London fortunes for coming so opportunely and amusing them so well, and Caroline was laughing and talking with him.

Only Betty kept still. Because her own dear Caroline was falling in love with him, plain to see. And when Keppels fell in love—or wanted anything or anyone at all, indeed—they were stubborn and unchanging beyond belief.

"I might as well not be here to keep her company," Betty told Edward Hereford crossly the first morning they met for a ride in St.

James' Park. "When they're not together at the ball and assembly and lay, he's at our lodgings, singing duets with her and telling her stories about Ireland. I could be drawing a badger or hunting at home."

"You're better off than I," was all the sympathy Edward gave her. "You don't have to follow a Prince around a stuffy palace and hear him wailing about your hard-hearted cousin Sarah. My lady mother thinks it's wonderful for me, because he'll be King before the year's out, with old George II so ill. I don't!"

"Well," Betty said hopefully, "perhaps they'll all be over it by next spring, and we can have some sensible times in the country again. Let's gallop!"

"No such luck," Edward said gloomily. "The prince says I am so sympathetic—that's because I don't tell him he ought to marry Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg the way his mother does all the time—that he says he'll make me First Lord of the Bedchamber as soon as I'm old enough."

But he started his horse just the same; and they had a good gallop before he had to return to Kensington Palace and Betty to her breakfast. She would have felt cheered if she hadn't passed her sister's purple velvet riding habit and brown mare, moving with suspicious slowness beside a big black horse whose rider had the broad shoulders and bow-tied chestnut curls of Mr. Adair. He was bending towards Caroline, singing softly. She could hear the words of the tune he had whistled in the moonlight:

Who is the song so sweet?

Eileen Aroon!

Who in the dance so fleet?

Eileen Aroon!

Dear were her charms to me;
Dearest her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy; Eileen Aroon!"



Betty checked her horse, the joy of the gallop spoilt, as she saw her sister with Mr. Adair.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

Only it was "Carleen Aroon" that he sang. And just before Betty passed them she was sure he kissed Caroline.

She lay awake that night until Caroline came in from one of her grand balls.

"Run along, Molly," she was saying to the lady's maid who woke sleepily in her chair to light the candles. "I'll unlace my own stays."

Betty, against her pillow, watched her sister slipping out of the spreading rose satin ball gown and beginning to brush the powder from her long yellow hair. She was humming as she brushed:

"When like the rising day,

Eileen Aroon!

Love sends his early ray,

Eileen Aroon!"

"Caroline!" Betty interrupted firmly, "I saw you with Mr. Adair."

Caroline laughed. "So will all the world soon," she said. "We're marrying as soon as we can."

"But oh, Caroline! Our mother will never let you, nor our brother Albemarle. Don't you know Lady Yarmouth brought you to town to make a fine match?"

"Robin will be a fine match!"

Caroline said, tossing her head. "All are charmed by him. He has more fees than he can spend. They call him the Fortunate Irishman. . . . Are you going to be a tell-tale?"

"Of course I won't tell," Betty said scornfully. "Did I ever tell who lamed Angustus' best hunter, or dressed like a ghost to scare the tutor? But somebody will tell about Mr. Adair. 'Tis no secret to anyone who sees you together."

Indeed, it was no secret to fashionable London, not with a beauty like Lady Caroline and a man as brilliant as young Mr. Adair.

Lady Albemarle and her eldest son summoned Caroline and Betty to the long parlor and laid down the law.

"A low adventurer—An Irish surgeon from who knows where?" stormed Lady Albemarle, her skirts swishing as she strode up and down the long withdrawing room. "Leave London this instant, you shall, and never see him again!"

"I will see him. I will marry him!" Caroline said. But, as Betty had known, Caroline was helpless. The family coach drove off with them next morning.

It was to gay Bath they went; and

long to be in a fashionable watering place with its balls and assemblies. But Betty still wanted her woods and fields.

As for Caroline, she went with gay, pretty Sarah wherever they were taken: Upper Rooms, Lower Rooms, Pump Rooms, Pantiles. She moved through quadrilles and drank the medicinal waters.

"I hate it as much as you do," she told Betty. "They are trying to make me forget my Robin. But I never will."

"La," said her cousin Sarah, setting down her cup and making a little face at the taste, where they were drinking the sulphur-tasting water among all the belles and beaux, "'tis an upside down world. I'm here through coaxing and pleading with my family to escape the courtship of his dull highness Prince Georgy. And you because of your Keppel stubbornness about wanting to be courted by Robin Adair! Well, the season must end."

But Betty thought it never would. Back at home the summer was coming; there was hawthorn in the lanes; the boys were off, spending long days

fishing now. One of them doubtless had her pole and was riding her pony. "You have Sarah here," she said to Caroline. "I think I'll ask Mother to let me go back home."

"Oh, if I hadn't you to talk to, little sister," Caroline said, "I couldn't stand it at all. I'm half sick as it is." She looked at Betty with her eyes full of tears; and Betty gave up the idea.

"I never saw such a moping set of young ladies," the duenna said next day, coming into their sitting-room.

"I have good reason to mope," Betty said, "and so has Lady Caroline. But Lady Sarah has nothing to grieve over, have you, Sarah?"

"Oh, no. Nothing, of course," Sarah said tartly. When the duenna had gone for her nap, she turned to Betty. "You think you're the only one who has troubles," she said.

"If you must know, the gentleman because of whom I wouldn't have Prince Georgy went overseas while I was taking time to make my mind up. And now I've lost Georgy as well. And 'twould have been fine after all to be Queen of England; I hear old King George is nigh gone; and they'll be marrying him off to little Meeklenburg Charlotte!"

She flounced from the room. Caroline was at the harpsichord again. She was playing softly the tune Mr. Adair always whistled. But the words were new to Betty.

"What's this dull town to me,
Robin's not near.

He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear;
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made life a heaven on earth?
Ah, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!"

As Betty listened, her sister's head went down on the keys. She was sobbing.

Betty stood still for a moment. Then she turned and marched from the room.

She went to their bedroom and

found her writing-desk. She set it on her knee and dipped her quill pen deep.

"To the noble Edward, Lord Hereford, Kensington Palace," it began; then it slid into less formality.

"Dear Ned, I think I see a way of getting you and me back to the country before all the trout are gone . . ."

Dr. Robin Adair, who had been pursuing his profession with success but with a mournful heart under his brocaded waistcoat, found himself drawn into a corner at the rout at the Palace three days later by a Royal page.

He looked at the boy wearily. Another plea, no doubt, from another romantic lady to sing another of his sweet Irish ballads. He was tired of singing, and of romantic ladies. None of them were as lovely as his Caroline Keppel.

The boy said nothing of the sort. "Are you still mad for Caroline Keppel?" he said abruptly. "Her sister Betty said I had to find that out first."

"I shall never forget her!" said Robin Adair. "Is it true she cares for me still? They said she had forgotten me—"

"Don't you know," said Ned Hereford disgustedly, "that all the Keppels are as obstinate as mules and faithful as wolfhounds? They call it the Keppel constancy, but I call it mulishness. Betty Keppel's my best friend, next to her brother Will, and she wants to get back to the country and she's tied to Bath while Caroline is. But she has an idea."

"What do you mean?" Robin Adair's handsome hazel eyes lighted.

Ned grinned. "Well, Mr. Adair, my Prince has a tender heart. If I'm ill with a heavy rheum tomorrow, and you visit me, he'll likely be there. And— He stopped provokingly.

Please turn to page 31

SHAMPOOS AND SOAPS
ARE NOT ENOUGH!



GWEN WILKINSON,
lovely model, uses and
recommends Napro
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Your hair needs
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Napro Hair Vitalizer for Men incorporates the noted reconditioning qualities of Napro Vitalizer in a smart cream hair dressing. Try it . . . for hand-somer, healthier hair!



Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 49

May 14, 1952

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

TO her new baby she is the whole world.

To her school-age children she is the person who cooks their meals, cuts their lunches, mends their clothes, and bandages their scratches.

To her teenagers she is the person who simply doesn't understand them because it is so long since she was young it simply doesn't matter.

To her married sons and daughters she is "Grannie," who doesn't know a thing about child psychology or scientific feeding and it's a miracle how she ever brought up her own children.

To her husband she's—well, he really hasn't thought about it for a long while.

To her shopkeepers and tradesmen she's a fair target because she hasn't an association or a union to protect her rights.

To the politician she is the recipient of many rosy promises because she's the section of the community he can most easily forget about after the election.

To the fiery feminist she's a disappointment because she's quite content to go on being dependent on a male.

To the ardent reformer she's a reactionary element who not only isn't agitating for a 35-hour week but doesn't knock off at the end of 40 hours.

To the statistician she's a non-productive consumer-unit.

But to us all she's Mum, and this is her day.

This week:

● For this, our Mother's Day issue, Australian radio actress Joy Nichols has written the story of her baby daughter, Roberta. Joy has had such success in London that the birth of her baby last March was practically a national event. Roberta is named after Joy's Australian nephew Robert, who is 11 years old. Naturally, Joy's husband, Wally Peterson, was the first visitor to see the baby. Next were Dick Bentley and Jimmie Edwards, with whom Joy plays in the popular B.B.C. show "Take It From Here."

"Like any mother," says Joy, "I beam with pride at compliments about my offspring. Even Jimmy Edwards' remark was welcome: 'At least she looks intelligent,' he said."

● Joan Martin takes the kitchen as the subject of her home decoration article this week (see page 43). So far she has discussed the rooms of a house one by one. Subsequent articles will deal with general problems which arise in decorating or renovating a home. Next week's, for instance, is about cupboards, and the following week's contains suggestions for curtain treatments.

Next week:

● About three years ago a joke appeared in an American paper showing two hoboes talking together. One was saying, "I had a good wife, lovely kids, splendid job, but I wasted all my money on food." The joke, unfortunately, is as topical in Australia now as it was in America then. One of the consequences of the high cost of food is that more and more people shop at city markets. Our photographers in four state capitals have visited city markets for the week-end shopping rush and the result is a two-page color feature in our next issue.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

ANOTHER KIND
by
Anthony West

ANTHONY WEST is a former literary critic who has turned novelist. His first book, "On a Dark Night," was commended by critics abroad.

"Another Kind" is a strange story, written with power and imagination.

It is a difficult work to evaluate, for it suffers—if such may be said of a work of fiction—from split personality.

It is as though the author found himself in the possession of two entirely unrelated themes, and because neither would extend to novel length decided to combine them.

The implications of the second theme are frightening. However, not all West's power of persuasion will make the average reader accept as probable the triangle of the first theme, with husband, wife, children, and mistress living amicably in an old mill-house in the English countryside.

While one sees the necessity for presenting the sly, subtle architect, Walter Jackson, as a man who always carried in him the seeds of destruction, he is not convincing as the object of such generous devotion.

It is especially difficult when the devotion comes from two

women so vastly different as Margery, his wife, with her conventional a r m y background, and Anne Horne, the former London pick-up girl.

When the second theme takes over somewhere towards the middle of the book, the over-subtleties of this domestic theme are swept aside in the released force of Mr. West's narrative.

He shows England torn by political civil war, the north under control of union leaders and socialists, the south held by the Army, with an independent republic proclaimed in Wales.

London is under martial law. The walls of the beleaguered and starving towns of Lincoln, York, and Plymouth are defaced with rival political slogans.

Both Russia and America are appealed to for assistance.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castle-
reagh Street, Sydney. Let-
ters: Box 408/WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: News-
paper House, 247 Collins
Street, Melbourne. Letters:
Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Eina-
both Street, Brisbane. Let-
ters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26
Hutt Street, Adelaide.
Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling
Street, Perth. Letters: Box
491D, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney
address.

National morale cracks to such an extent that a visiting U.S. military mission decides not to recommend help.

Walter, as second-in-command of the non-Partisan Relief Organisation and with a squad of jackbooted and crash-helmeted motor cyclists at his disposal, makes 30,000 dollars on one blackmarket food deal alone.

At the war's end, regional courts of popular justice try those on the losing side. Walter has already met his death in ambush.

Among those brought to trial are Margery (the woman Jackson) and Anne (the woman Horne). The court considers Jeanette Jackson's denouncement of her mother specially meritorious.

Ann escapes, but in a soup kitchen in Liverpool she is claimed by an Irish Catholic organisation for shipment to Eire as an expectant mother.

She again evades the authorities, and after two months' wandering manages to beg and steal her way back to the mill.

A clever, awkward book.

"Another Kind" is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

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CARAMELS
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Lumbago, Nervousness, Head-
aches and Colds, Dizziness, Cloudy
Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite
or Energy, your system is being
poisoned because germs are impairing
the vital process of your kidneys.
You must kill the germs which cause
these troubles, as blood can't get
till kidneys function normally. Stop
troubles with Cystex—the new auto-
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2 hours. Get Cystex from your
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That charming mystery woman — your inner self can give you the clue to a delightful NEW YOU

FAR TOO MANY WOMEN have an unhappy way of keeping themselves locked up in a close, introspective shell.

Yet you — and every woman — can truly become someone lovelier. A magical power within you can help to re-make you. A power that grows out of the constant fusing of your Outer Self and your Inner Self — the way you look, the way you feel.

This power quickens your face with confidence when you know you are looking your prettiest. But — when you don't look your best, it lets "inferiority blues" take over. That's why you can't ever afford to be careless about those daily little routines that make you look lovelier and feel happier.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

You'll quickly discover that "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is beauty help your skin will love! It makes faces feel soft, radiant-clean. And because this is cream cleansing, it can't dry your skin. Do it always at bedtime (day cleansings, too). This is the way:

Hot Stimulation — give face a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse — swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat — to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse — do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt. leave skin immaculate. Tissue lightly.

Cold Stimulation — give face a tonic cold water splash.

This face care acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside — light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses, softens as you massage. From the Inside — every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

The beautiful Comtesse de la Falaise says: "The results are positively glowing. I am delighted with this Pond's treatment."

Remember always — it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely you gain a new, and very attractive confidence that puts new charm and life into your face — brings other people closer to the real Inner You.



Get a jar or tube of Pond's Cold Cream today!

PF222

My Baby and I...



WELCOME HOME, ROBERTA, was the greeting on Miss Peterson's cot when her mother, Joy Nichols, brought her home from hospital, although Roberta here concentrates only on resentment at being put down. Among the toys on her dressing-table are six, high twins dressed in suits knitted on match-sticks by an admirer.

Publicity-shy Miss Peterson lets her Mum take it from here

By JOY NICHOLS

We had no idea that our baby's arrival would be a national event.

It surprised and delighted us that our proudest moment should be shared with such joy by people from London to Sydney.

ROBERTA has received so many letters and cards from "Take It From Here" listeners that she could already start her own fan club.

Her mail is being sent to Roberta Peterson, "care of B.B.C.," and it does amuse and please Wally and me that our tiny bundle should seem important to so many folk.

During Roberta's first week we had more than 1500 letters, post-cards, and telegrams. I answered 500 of them from my bed in the nursing home.

She has made my husband, Wally Peterson, more of a celebrity at Drury Lane, where he is in "South Pacific." The crowds at the stage door are now roughly divided into two camps — those waiting for

Mary Martin and those who want to ask about Roberta. Firemen, the stage doorman, and theatre crews joined in the jubilation when Roberta was born. And a good many bets were lost when she turned out to be a girl.

When I knew baby Roberta was on the way, Joy Nichols dropped everything to concentrate on being Mrs. Wally Peterson for a while.

It wasn't easy for me to get used to the idea. I felt helpless at the thought, and a long, long way from my mother in Australia.

Wally was broadcasting on the Continent, so my secretary, Grace, moved in and nursed and cooked for me until I felt more able to cope. Then Wally came home and took over.

Pretty soon rehearsals began for "South Pacific," and while I sat at home waiting for Wally to come in I read every book on babies I could borrow until I knew all about them.

I started work on the nursery, which was formerly our dining-room. I took up our favorite blue carpet, sold our sycamore dining suite, pulled down the heavy Grecian curtains, and really got to work.

Apple-green chintz went over the windows. Apple-green linoleum covered the floor. I bought a cot, dressing-table, and other furniture in natural wood and painted them cream. It saved money.

We turned the large hall of our flat into a dining-room annex. So we now have a main bedroom, the nursery, nannie's room, a lounge, kitchen, and bathroom.

There's a roof garden, too, leading off the kitchen and surrounded by high window-boxes.

Before I knew it, December came, and with it "Take It From Here" returned to the air. It was just the tonic I needed after my long rest.

Lots of mothers-to-be wrote to ask me how I could possibly sound so bright and energetic, but it was not difficult.

JOY NICHOLS ENTERPRISES LTD.
110, HAMILTON TERRACE,
LONDON, N.W. 6.

April 10th.

Dear Mrs. Sara,
Taking time off from coping with our infant to congratulate you on your obvious ability to handle four of them.
If I could send you a medal, I would!
Heartline my very best wishes to your yours.
Sincerely,
Joy Nichols

JOY NICHOLS' tribute to Mrs. Percy Sara, mother of the Quads, is echoed by every new mother who agrees with Joy that coping with just one baby is a career in itself.

Joy Nichols' story of Roberta's life

★ In 1940 Joy Nichols made her debut as an entertainer at a Boys' Town concert at Sydney's Tivoli Theatre.

The State Theatre manager, Jim Collins, was driving over Sydney Harbor Bridge when he heard the broadcast on his car radio. He turned back, drove to the Tivoli, and signed Joy up backstage.

It was Joy's first professional engagement, and it led to fame.

When The Australian Women's Weekly arranged for the exclusive publication in Australia of this story, "My Baby and I," we asked Joy about the cheque.

"The cheque? Oh! Say, I've got a good idea. Why not send it to Boys' Town?"

And so we did.



FIRST SPRING ENSEMBLE is modelled by Roberta, shown here with Wally and Joy on the roof garden of their London flat. The little dress was a present to the baby from a fan, Anne McIntosh.

I did not get up till 2 p.m. on Sundays, and by that time Wally would have the housework done and the roast ready.

Rehearsal was at 4 p.m., and by nine at night the show was "in the can." Not a very hard week's work, really.

My husband cooks and does housework to help me. It has always been this way because we both work such irregular hours.

I was able to do the weekly broadcasts until the end of January, six weeks before Miss Roberta was scheduled to make her debut.

She was born almost to the day, and weighed 7lb. 13oz.

I felt so fit and well that my doctor allowed the Press to take our pictures. I was amazed to find my baby was front-page news.

A further thrill was talking by phone to my mother in Sydney for ten minutes. She was worried about her baby—me—and I was able to put her mind at rest.

Five days later I was allowed up for an hour and began special exercises. It was a great moment when I weighed and found I had lost 14lb.

The next week just sped by. In no time at all Daddy was there with his car, and the Peterson family were reunited.

At home it felt grand. Wally kept saying: "Listen to our baby crying in our nursery in our flat. Isn't it wonderful?"

It was a very quiet first week at home for Roberta, but not for the rest of the family.

At the hospital we had had great difficulty in even getting her to cry for the recording for "Take It From Here," but as soon as she got home and found out what her lungs are for, she was rivalled only by Mario Lanza.

We had to school ourselves not to rush into the nursery immediately and pick her up. I was a little harder than Wally—he went through torture, and still does.

I tried to explain to him that if she wasn't hungry and didn't need "attention," she was just letting off steam or wanted company.

I solved this in one of two ways. Either I wheeled her little cot into the lounge

(where I have her fan mail all sorted out) and kept an eye on her while I sent off her photographs, or else we took our little battery radio set into the nursery and turned it on softly. Soon her eyelids drooped and peace reigned once more.

Answering fan mail in the lounge and straining to hear what goes on in the nursery is no easy matter.

How any mother brings up quads I'll never know. One is a career by itself.

The phone rang incessantly that week, and coping with the callers and the meals and the baby I thought it was a jolly good thing I was not returning to radio for another month.

Nannie was due to arrive on April 12, three days before I went back to work, and, boy, did I need help!

We banned all visitors for a while to let Roberta settle down, but mostly to give mother a break, because it does take time for new mothers to feel capable again, and I still needed my relaxation rest of an hour in the afternoon, otherwise I felt very tired and a little depressed.

Poor Dick Bentley, who used to visit her every afternoon in the nursing home, missed seeing her very much, but I was able to promise him that later on he could drop in for tea along with Jimmy Edwards.

Even then I had a list of appointments for Roberta, with the first formal date more or less promised to Donald Peers.

I suppose I shouldn't brag, but the little lady put on eight ounces in her first ten days at home.

Somehow or other we measured her at that time and found another inch, although the best books say babies just don't grow that fast. Anyway, she was 22½ inches at that measuring.

Nannie arrived after a nice restful Easter, and I was ready and more than willing to return to "Take It From Here." I can leave my baby knowing she is in good hands.

Roberta's eyes were still blue then, and she was learning to focus them on the little animals and dolls that stand on her dressing-table.

Spring arrived at the same time as Roberta's pram.

From 10 a.m. onwards Roberta is put out on our roof

garden. There are no flowers in the window-boxes yet, but geraniums are planned. That is a job for Wally.

It was strange for her to be taken care of by Nannie. I'm left-handed when nursing or bathing her, so Roberta had to get used to a dual technique. But she still gains steadily. Now she loves every drop of her orange juice at cocktail time.

Roberta has two lots of mothering time. Daddy mothers her for 15 minutes just before her afternoon feed and I mother her from 4.30 to 5.30.

Nannie, of course, mothers her all the time, so whatever else she is short of it isn't love. And she's thriving on it.

About those eyes! Their color should be settled now, I hear. As yet they're not any color . . . not blue, or grey, or green. I hope they become a bit more definite.

I also hope that the down on her head that Wally calls hair will decide to curl a little. The bane of my life is the use I have to make of hair-grips. Wally has a kink. In his hair, I mean. So there's hope.

My show-business friends always ask whether our baby cries during the night. Well, honestly, she doesn't, but I think there is a simple reason.

Wally is never home before 11 p.m., and I find that by feeding her as late as that she is awake to say good-night to him.

Then she "goes down"—and we have to waken her next morning. In other words, she fits in with us, which is as it should be.

Baby or no baby, show business goes on. At night, when Wally has finished his after-the-show supper, we discuss ideas to use in the B.B.C. show we plan to do together.

Of course, it won't be till after June and a holiday somewhere in the sun, but a radio series takes a lot of thought, and we want our little

daughter to be proud of our effort.

When I am asked whether Roberta will be a child performer, I am adamant. "In no circumstances," I say, and I mean it.

We want her, first and foremost, to have a very solid education. Later on, if she has any real talent, it will be something she will decide for herself.

Which brings me to another decision Wally and I have made.

Much as I have loved telling you about our baby, we have decided that she must have a chance to settle down.

She is taking far too much notice of all that goes on round her. One camera flash will keep her restless for an hour, even after her feed. This has happened only recently. We feel it shouldn't happen often.

So at the tender age of two months Miss Roberta Peterson goes into retirement. Mummy, of course, continues to take it from here.



FATHER'S TURN at nursing the most beautiful brunette in the world. Most people agree that Roberta is the image of Wally. Joy hopes she will also inherit the kink in his hair.



MOTHER'S JOB of bathing Roberta was exclusive to Joy until Nannie arrived to take over. Joy thinks the baby is cutest at bath time and admits that she beams with maternal pride at any compliment about Roberta.



FACTORY FACTS

The B.P.I. Mill, Australia's largest Knitted Outerwear Mill, covers an area of approximately three acres.

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Mrs. Sara goes on the air



AUDIENCE IS FASCINATED at the meeting between Mrs. Bill Percy (left) and Mrs. Percy Sara. They both have four children under two years of age. Mrs. Percy, of Roselle, N.S.W., is 26 and has two sets of twins.

Conducts interviews in Mother's Day broadcast

When Betty Sara recorded a special Mother's Day broadcast several hundred mothers of all ages crowded into the auditorium of the radio station to hear her.

THE broadcast will be heard during the Quiz Kids' programme on the evening of Mother's Day.

Mrs. Sara made a quick visit to Sydney with her husband and eldest boy, Geoffrey, for the recording.

Her famous Quads also had a holiday while she was away.

Judith stayed with Rita Connell at Rita's parents' farm near Bellingen; Alison was looked after by Mrs. Jean Goodwin, a neighbor of the Saras; and the two boys went to Mrs. Chris Heugal, one of Betty's closest friends.

Before Betty went nervously

on stage to make her broadcast she exclaimed: "I didn't think two years ago that I'd be going through this sort of thing."

But she soon got into the spirit of the broadcast.

The enthusiastic greeting given her by the audience of mothers cured her nervousness, and, after reporting on the progress of her famous Quads, she took the hand microphone into the auditorium and interviewed several members of the audience.

She met the oldest mother, 83-year-old Mrs. C. Brown, of Pyrmont, N.S.W. Born in Melbourne, Mrs. Brown has spent 80 years in Pyrmont, where she reared her two sons



WITH TRAVELLING MIKE, Betty Sara interviews Mrs. C. Brown, the oldest mother, who sat in the auditorium with the youngest mother, Mrs. M. King (centre), and Mrs. M. Burnes, the mother with the most living children.

and daughter. She lost her husband 33 years ago, and has six grandchildren.

Youngest mother in the gathering was 17-year-old Mrs. M. King, of Herne Bay (N.S.W.) Housing Settlement. Mrs. King, who was married when she was 15, is the mother of a baby girl.

Betty was impressed when Mrs. M. Burnes, of Warriewood, N.S.W., said her 16 children included 12-month-

old twins. Mrs. Burnes has three grandchildren.

All of the mothers present said they were tremendously interested in the Quads. Most admitted to having a favorite Quad.

Mrs. Muriel Williams, of Willoughby, N.S.W., the mother of a small boy, said she liked Alison.

"I think Alison has the cutest face imaginable," she said. "She's so impish-looking I like to think that some day I'll have a little girl like her."

But Mrs. Ken Vaughan, of Sydney, likes the placid Phillip because he is "calm and quiet, and that is something every mother likes most of the time."

Mrs. Alan Page, of Sydney, admitted that while on a visit to her dairy farmer brother in Bellingen, where the Quads live, she took several walks past the Sara home in the hope of seeing the four children.

"I met their brother Geoff, and he told me he had two brothers and two sisters all the same age, but he didn't offer to let me meet them," she said.

The mothers were all agreed on two things—that Betty Sara looks much younger than they expected, and that she "measures right up to our idea of her."

"She's sensible and she's nice," declared Mrs. May Johnson.



QUESTION that stumped the Quiz Kids is answered for Betty Sara by Mrs. Horrie Dixon, of Outley, N.S.W. Mrs. Dixon has one son, Barry, aged two.

She knows the importance of . . .



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CUTEX Nail Brilliance colors can give your nails the merest flattering glow . . . or add sparkling color that will go gaily through the day, bringing a glorious new lustre to your fingertips.



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entirely new kind of polish. This new Cutex creation comes to you in four shimmering shades . . . fashion right for every occasion. Cutex Nail Brilliance and Cutex Pearl Brilliance both contain "Enamelon" the miracle ingredient that resists chipping and peeling longer than any polish you have ever used before.

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The manicure that stays lovelier . . . longer



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FLOWER
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Keeps you nice to be near. More effective than ever, because it contains M3 which protects against odour-causing bacteria.

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Training the Quads is a full-time job

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN

BETTY SARA thinks that her Quads, 20-months-old Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark, are now at a very tiring age. After spending two recent days at the Sara home at Bellingen, N.S.W., I agree with her.

The children are appealing and amusing, but they are seldom still.

Alison, Judith, and Mark race hither and thither all the time. Phillip, last to walk, moves around with a kind of Boston shuffle, and is not nearly so tiring as his brother and sisters.

In addition, the spirited Mark, who is something of an actor and loves an audience, turns on a little performance which his mother does not like.

If he wants to catch attention, he will forcefully hurl himself backwards to the floor, kick his legs, and slap himself in the face.

His cries are heartbroken, but there is not a tear in his eye.

Betty Sara, frightened that he might hurt himself, is firmly squashing any bright ideas Mark might have that the act is effective. A handsome, quick-witted boy, he is learning fast that each performance means a period of isolation from his sisters and brother.

"I don't suppose he will crack his skull, because all the knocks he gives himself must be making it hard," said his mother.

"But he nearly knocked me out the other day when he threw his head back and caught me on the chin."

Although Mark performs in their midst, the other three take no notice at all.

Phillip, good-natured and affectionate, with a wide smile and a great fancy for his father, will play happily for hours with the one toy. He is still heavier than the others. He has a tendency to flat feet and has been fitted for special shoes.

He is more assertive than he was. He still gives in to the others quite often, but every now and then he lets them see that he has a mind of his own.



QUADS Mark, Phillip, Judith, and Alison make their first acquaintance with the canary owned by their doctor. Four pairs of hands were anxious to unlatch the door of the cage, but their mother, Betty Sara, was too quick for them each time they tried.



MUM'S WARDROBE receives the attention of Alison, Mark, Phillip, and Judith. The children are full of mischief and looking after them is hard work. Alison, first to speak, stands up in her cot each morning and greets her father with "Day, Dad," yelled at very regular intervals.



PHILLIP AND MARK play with a rag doll made by Percy Sara while he was in hospital in England during the war. Mark tears around with abandon, but Phillip sees no reason to waste his energy.

At 20 months the four Saras land in many scrapes

Alison and Judith are wonderful. They are dainty and fastidious and entirely lovable.

Alison, with the smiling eyes, is a little more reserved than the others. Obvious leader of the four, she let Mark replace her for a while. She must have wanted a rest from leadership. Without much effort, she is back at the head of things, and she will stay there.

"She knows exactly what she wants," said Betty Sara.

"The others are fairly biddable, but when Alison makes up her mind, nothing will change it. I can see some battles ahead, because there are sure to be times when she will just have to change her mind."

Alison has calmed down a lot. Her favorite game is hide-and-seek, with any grown-up willing to play. She never seeks—she always hides.

Judith is a gay girl. She is as fast in her movements now as Alison and Mark. She is agile, laughs readily, and loves visitors.

She dislikes wearing clothes. Firm parental discipline has made it clear to her that she is not to take off her clothes, but she apparently finds it hard to obey in this matter. Five minutes after I arrived at the Sara home I saw her deftly removing her overalls. When she saw me watching she promptly put them on again.

Betty Sara told me that for a while she had "a pretty gruelling time with the kids."

The children's nurse, Rita Connell, had to return home suddenly because of her mother's illness and for ten days Betty was without help. Mark was suffering pain with a digestive upset, and then he and Phillip got German measles.

"Even the girls were grizzly and cross," Betty said.

"I was so worn out that I just fell into bed right after dinner each evening. I couldn't settle down to letter-writing and could not reply to letters from people interested in the Quads. I always write to my mother in England twice a week, but for a while she got hastily-scrawled notes."

Betty has domestic help now and gives her whole attention to the children. Rita Connell comes over when she can from the nearby Connell farm.

Rita has announced her engagement to Keith Campbell, one of the ambulance officers at the Bellingen District Ambulance station, of which Percy Sara is superintendent. She plans her marriage for September.

Betty, who had her elder son, Geoffrey, out of nappies at an early age, is a little sensitive about Mark and Phillip having to wear them.

"It's easy to train one, but I defy anyone to train four together quickly," she said.

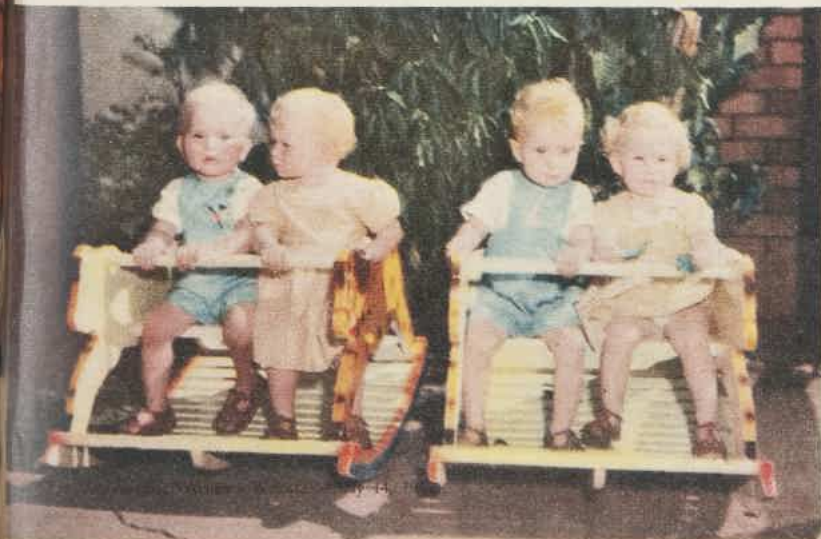
Percy Sara is an enthusiastic radio "ham." His station is VK2QV, operating on 40 and 80 metres, and since he got his operator's licence last October he has made over 500 "contacts" in Australia, New Zealand, and New Guinea. Most conversations begin with an inquiry about the Quads. Percy's card, acknowledging radio contact, has a sketch of a baby in each of the four corners.



ALISON AND JUDITH (above) are smitten early with the fashionable ambition to be models. Alison is slightly aloof about it, but Judith turns on a flashing smile worthy of any toothpaste advertisement.

BETTY SARA and her children in one of the few quiet moments in the Sara home (right). Geoffrey, at right, is a schoolboy now, and when this picture was taken he was rehearsing the Quads for their Mother's Day ceremony.

ROCKERS get a thorough working during the Quads' play hours (below). Alison plays on her own a great deal and seems to enjoy neatly stacking toys. As fast as she stacks them, the other three scatter them again.



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Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
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2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
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shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



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SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

Worth Reporting

QUEEN ELIZABETH
will give the first party
of her reign on May 9, four
days after moving into
Buckingham Palace, her
new home.

The party will be a recep-
tion by the Queen and the
Duke of Edinburgh for 100
ambassadors and ministers at-
tached to the Court of St. James.

The Queen was obviously
much refreshed from her
Windsor holiday when she
moved into the Palace with
her family earlier this month.

While they were away,
Buckingham Palace had
swarmed with workmen.

The main change in the dis-
tribution of private rooms has
been the conversion of Prince
Margaret's suite, on the
second floor, into nurseries for
Prince Charles and Princess
Anne.

The nurseries are decorated
in a light, clean shade of blue
and mushroom-white, which
has a pink undertone.

The Queen Mother's apart-
ments remain unchanged.

Queen Elizabeth's former
home, Clarence House, is
practically empty now. Nearly
all the furniture is stored ex-
cept a few pieces the Queen
and the Duke of Edinburgh
wanted with them in Buck-
ingham Palace.

Unfortunately, the perma-
nent features of Clarence
House, such as the modern
maroon-and-beige cinema and
the ultra-modern kitchen,
must stay shrouded in dust-
sheets until Clarence House
becomes a home again.

The Queen's great thought-
fulness for the Queen Mother
has been further demon-
strated by leaving to her the choice
of plants for the beds round
the Queen Victoria Memorial
in front of the Palace, as well
as the choice of plants for the
Palace grounds.

This has been the Queen
Mother's special pleasure
since she herself moved into
the Palace in 1937.

The Queen Mother, during
her stay at the Royal Lodge,
Windsor, has been helping
with the spring planting there
as her daughter has asked
her to continue controlling the
Lodge gardens.

**The blues are
not so depressing**

AMERICAN color research
expert Faber Birren, whose
business is predicting color
trends and cycles, sees blue
emerging from a ten-year-old
disfavor as an interior color.

"Blue," Mr. Birren says,
"represents peace of mind,
serenity, equanimity, confi-
dence, and a quiet evening
with a few friends," and is not,
as we have wrongly been led
to believe, depressing to the
spirit."

Blue is becoming especially
popular in kitchens in
America.

Clear, medium shades of
blue are fast ousting the yel-
lows that replaced the almost
universal green-and-white of
the 1930's.

The new blue color cycle
should last four or five years,
Mr. Birren learns from his
statistics.

MR. FRED DOWLING, of
Swan Hill, Victoria, can
pick two types of plums and
apricots, as well as nectarines,
from a four-year-old nectarine
tree.

In his rose garden he has a
bush which produces both red
and white blooms.

Mr. Dowling has made a
hobby of grafting fruit trees
and budding roses.

**Faithful to
old loves**

AT a recent sale of what
were advertised as "el-
derly cars" we fell into con-
versation with Mr. F. Healey,
of North Wollongong, N.S.W.

Presumably we had failed
to introduce ourselves, for in
a follow-up letter, in which he
expressed his philosophy about
the buying and selling of aged
cars, he addressed us as "Dear
Miss or is it Mrs."—with
several small question marks.

Among the points he made
were these: "Some men look
upon their old cars as they
look upon their wives, which is
why some won't part with
them for love or money, while
others don't care who has them
as long as they haven't."

"When buying an old car it
is always best to talk to the
owner's wife. She will tell you
in a few minutes all the things
that you couldn't drag out of
the owner with grapping
irons.

"In negotiating for an el-
derly car, it is always a help
if you can find out the real
reason for the owner selling it.
Beware of the owner who
keeps bringing to your atten-
tion his reason for the sale."

"He'll be giving you an ex-
cuse, not the reason."

THE average housewife, says
Norway's Directorate of
Economy, works half as long
again as anyone else in the
family — fifty-eight hours a
week.

**Pen friends of
the campus**

AN American school-teacher
friend of a reader, Miss
Patricia Read, has sent her a
batch of letters written to un-
known Australian contem-
poraries by pupils at two Ameri-
can high schools.

Miss Read has asked us to
invite any boy or girl between
the ages of 12 and 14 years
who would like to establish a
pen-friendship with a young
American to write to her at
12 Francis Street, Dee Why,
Sydney, and she will send
them one of the letters.

Miss Read hopes that chil-
dren from all parts of Aus-
tralia will join in the corres-
pondence, as the American
girls and boys are keen to
learn about Australia.

If a group of pupils send
letters, Miss Read says that she
will forward them by air mail
to America.

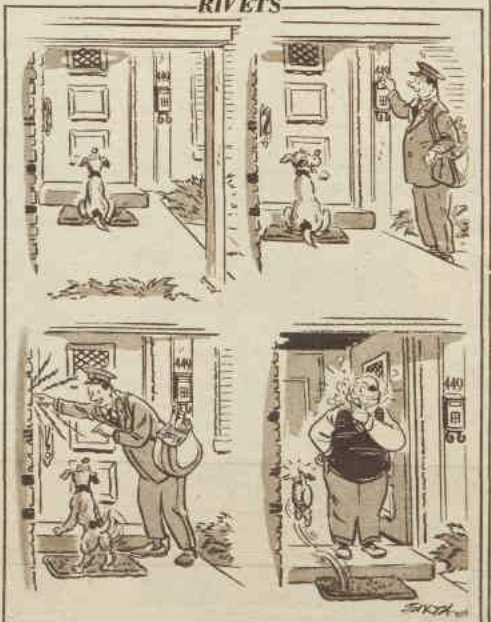
Australian schools could
send letters direct to either of
the schools—Bossier High
School, Bossier City, Louisi-
ana, U.S.A., or the Harrison-
burg High School, Harrison-
burg, Virginia, U.S.A.

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musical drink measures.
When the measure is lifted up
it plays a tune. The measures
are known as decantals.

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inch long and is shaped ex-
actly like the domestic electric
iron. The skin is first
thoroughly cleansed, then
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The iron is pleasantly warm
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the eyes, the lines on each side
of the mouth and under the
chin.



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content



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pillowcases are hemstitched,
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and smooth olive skins have lost
their lustre through vitamin defi-
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centrated tablet form.



In bottles of
36 and 100

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system, sap your energy, ruin your
breath, and weaken your heart.
Mendocin, a new American scientific
medicine, starts immediately to cir-
culate through the blood, quickly
cutting the attacks. The very first
day the thick phlegm is dissolved,
day the chest tightens and letting
you sleep the night through in com-
fort. Get Mendocin from your chemist
or store to-day under positive guar-
antee to stop your Asthma coughing
and to give you free easy breathing
the first day or money back.

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RADIANCE!**

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Seven fashion-right colours
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Flowers Rouges.

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Whipped to the finest possible texture to avoid clogging the pores. Holds powder perfectly. Keeps skin smooth and soft. In jars and tubes.

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Talcum Powder**
Use after bathing
to feel lovely
all over.

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Colour-blended for use with the Face
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COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS

Migrating the hard way



GERMAN MIGRANTS Hans-dieter, Daphne, Annelie, Hannelore, and Robert Pfeng catch their first glimpse of Australia from the deck of their ship. They read a good deal about Australia before deciding to come and are eager to begin life here.

Family met sheiks and smugglers on 10,000-mile car trip

By WIN BISSET,
staff reporter

A German family attended a banquet given by a sheik in Bagdad and were mixed up with smugglers in India on their way to Australia.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pfeng and their three children, who battled through blizzards and duststorms on their 10,000-mile car journey from Luneberg, Germany, to Ceylon.

THE Pfengs' trip took them through Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Transjordan, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, and India.

In Colombo they sold their car, "Little Max," a German Volkswagen, and boarded a ship for Australia.

After Mr. Pfeng and his wife decided to migrate, he went to England to visit his English mother and to find out from Australia House how long it would be before he and his family could get passages.

The waiting list was so long that he returned to Germany and suggested to his wife that they drive to Australia.

Mrs. Pfeng, with a young family on her hands, was not favorably impressed.

"The eldest child, a girl, Hannelore (pronounced like Annie Laurie), is 15. Hans-dieter, the boy, is 12, and Daphne, the baby, is five," Annelie Pfeng told me.

"But when my husband casually brought out a road map and nonchalantly traced the route I caught his enthusiasm."

On November 15, 1951, with a completely new engine in the Volkswagen, which had already done 80,000 miles, and their arms showing the marks of five different injections, the Pfengs left Germany.

The sum total of mishaps to the car during the trip amounted to three punctures and a choked petrol tube caused by a dust-storm in Pakistan.

They were pulled out of bomb-craters in Greece by oxen. While they drove down steep mountain roads from Teheran to Southern Persia, the brakes iced-up.

"I made the quickest gear-change of my life when I discovered this," said Mr. Pfeng. "We had an unexpected stay of six weeks in Bagdad."

"The Customs offices on frontiers are usually situated within a few hundred yards of each other, but the Syria-Iraq Customs offices are 400 miles apart."

"When we tried to enter Bagdad we found we had left our papers at the Syrian Customs office, 400 miles away."

"In the meantime the Syrian frontier official had given them to the next car to pass through—a taxi."

"The official told the taxi-driver that the papers belonged to the last party of people who went through to Bagdad."

"So the taxi-driver went backwards and forwards on his Damascus-Bagdad route with our papers coiled in his waistcoat pocket, and it was six weeks before we found him."

Hannelore interrupted the story to say she didn't like Bagdad.

"You didn't think it interesting to stay at a sheik's palace?" asked her scandalised mother.

The Pfengs were guests of honor at an elaborate feast the sheik gave, and felt like characters out of the Arabian Nights.

It took four men to carry one dish of rice and roast mutton.

"I was amused at Bagdad's traffic rules," said Mrs. Pfeng. "No goats or horses are allowed on the main city street because of the traffic, so they walk along the footpaths."

"I would be looking in a shop window," she said, "and suddenly there would be a horse's head on my shoulder."

At a small village in India Mr. Pfeng was asked to take part in an ambush on a gang of bandits who were suspected of smuggling gold from Pakistan.

On a bright moonlight night he joined the ambushing party of Customs officials behind a clump of camel-thorn bushes.

Despite the brightness of the night the smugglers moved so silently on their camels that they were almost upon the ambushers before they realised it.

The ambushers opened fire, but the smugglers got away, split up and took to the highest dunes so that the others could not follow in their jeep.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pfeng was in the railway waiting-room with her three children, hitting out at rats, killing one, and watching dozens of lizards running over the wall.

"Bob," she had said before he left, "what's going to happen if you are killed?"

"Oh, well, there's always the insurance," he replied.

Throughout the long trip the luggage was carried in the boot of the car, and on the roof.

It topped the loading capacity by 400lb, but "Little Max" took it uncomplainingly.

Two big suitcases and one small one carried the travellers' clothing and linen. A camping outfit gave them a home for their four months on the road.

"We couldn't afford hotels," Mr. Pfeng said.

There were five blankets, two

ciderdowns, a feather bed for Daphne, five pillows, a typewriter, fire extinguisher, pots and pans, and a petrol stove.

There were tinned food, cups and saucers, cutlery, a wash basin, a spare wheel, spare tubes, tools, and a film-developing outfit.

Daphne had no doll. There just wasn't room. She was given toys all along the route, but they had to be given away.

Later a big earthenware water-pitcher was added to the luggage, and a leather carry-all to hold the odds and ends.

These were packed in the back seat so that the three children had their knees pressed hard against them.

"After long trips I had to watch the children in case their legs had gone to sleep," said Mrs. Pfeng. "I was always afraid they would be so numb they would fall over."

"The children all had to do their bit, and despite their irregular life we never allowed them to get out of hand."

"My job was to do the cooking and washing, and Hannelore's to do the cleaning-up. Hans-dieter collected the firewood as soon as we stopped the car for a meal."

"I couldn't have travelled with the children if they hadn't been co-operative and they certainly were. But when we said they had to do a thing, they had to do it, and no arguing!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pfeng, though German-born, have a cosmopolitan background. Mr. Pfeng was brought up in Peshawar, China, and Mrs. Pfeng was educated in America. She speaks English with an American accent.

Mr. Pfeng holds a Diploma of Agriculture and a Diploma of Colonial (tropical) Agriculture from the University of Leipzig.

The whole family, including Daphne, can switch from the German language to the English with ease.

They hope to farm in Australia, and are staying in Sydney with Mr. Pfeng's uncle, Mr. Cecil Wright.



LEADER of his own jazz band, Graeme Bell is also pianist and composer. He has the ideal sunny disposition to charm audiences of all ages and nationalities. His friends call him "Gay." The band is at present touring Australia.



NEW ZEALAND SAILORS heard "The Bells" for the first time at Sydney Town Hall. From the visiting minesweeper Kinei, they are telegraphist John Gooder and signalman Mervyn Hagen. They described the show as "polished."

Graeme and his jazzmen ring the bell

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

The Queen told Graeme Bell and his Australian Jazz Band that they had made a tremendous contribution to British jazz because their music had "such a healthy, fresh-air sound."

GRAEME BELL and his band played before the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, at the Festival of Jazz in the Festival Hall last year.

Afterwards they had supper with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were keen to hear all about their work.

A London newspaper said that the band had "altered the whole course of British jazz, and showed that jazz music could break away from the hide-bound monotony of the same old numbers played in the same old second-hand New Orleans fashion."

Graeme Bell and his Australian Jazz Band are at present making a five weeks' tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

They have already made two European tours, given two command performances, and played before five audiences totalling more than one million.

They were the first and are still the only Australian jazz band to tour other countries.

Their manager, Mel Langdon, said they had travelled in everything from modern airliners in Britain to horse-drawn waggons in Czechoslovakia.

"No, wait a minute," he added. "That's an exaggeration. Everything but a submarine."

No drape suits, bodgie haircuts, or long watchchains proclaim that they are jazzmen. Without their instruments they look like a group of subdued businessmen.

"From October, 1950, when we left here on our second tour, we did an almost continuous round of one-nighters," Graeme said.

"In the last two months in

Germany we gave 79 concerts.

"We sometimes gave two performances a night in two different towns.

"Travelling all day with a positive trainload of instruments and finishing at 1 a.m. isn't the most restful routine."

Graeme, the leader and arranger for special numbers, is 37, and has a flashing smile which brings a burst of enthusiasm whenever he turns it on the audience.

His brother, Roger, who grew a beard for the European tour, is a slight, gnome-like man of 34, who blows a solid trumpet, doubles on drums, sings about half the vocals, and dons thimbles to play the washboard for "backroom" numbers.

Known as "the father" of the group, "Lazy Ade" Monmouth is 36 and almost a one-man band.

He plays trumpet, alto saxophone, trombone, and piano, and sings gravel-voiced vocals in the negro manner.

Lou Silberstein, whose mighty stature and dignified handling of a double bass and tuba got him the name of "Baron" right from the start, is 37, and when on tour grows a luxuriant red beard.

"Pixie" Roberts, 34, who got his nickname when he played a clarinet solo with a tea-cosy on his head, doubles on tenor saxophone and takes a big proportion of virtuosic solos.

He and Lou are the only unmarried members of the band.

Guitarist and banjo player Bud Baker, 32, who played with the band for years on and off and joined them permanently in 1949, composed a musical story of the trip called "Big Walkabout," which has become one of the band's biggest hits.

Two newcomers to the group are Kanga Bentley, 28, trumpet



YOUNG FANS from Marrickville, N.S.W., were Kevin (13) and Tom Hogan (14), who took their first jazz concert like veteran jazzmen, clapping hands, tapping feet, and cheering loudly at the end of each number.

bonist with a mellow tone, and Johnny Sangster, 25, who doubles on drums and trumpet.

At the beginning of the last tour it was decided that as six of the musicians were married they should be able to take their wives and children with them.

A party of 18, including three children, set sail.

Married men were responsible for finding accommodation for wives and families.

In each country they toured the band had a base town where the wives stayed while the boys went from town to town.

Last year the company was brought to 20 when Roger's wife had a daughter, Helen, in February, and Kanga became a father on Good Friday, when Catherine was born.

Every fortnight the members of the band hold a meeting wherever they may be—in trains, hotel rooms, or in between rehearsals on the stage.

Manager Mel Langdon draws up an agenda to which all band members may submit items.

"Everyone is encouraged to submit his ideas for the programmes and criticise the work of any other member," Mel said.

"We report on new compositions, plan musical presentations, and talk over the business side of the outfit.

"If anyone brings a personal

problem to these meetings it immediately becomes the problem of the band and everyone helps to solve it.

"But we don't interfere in each other's personal life until we are asked," he added.

The original group which began in 1938 was an amateur affair playing together just for the fun of the thing.

The only professional musician was Graeme, who ran a piano school in Melbourne.

None of the others has ever taken lessons.

"We never thought of playing in public," Graeme said. "We just got together in the evenings and played for something to do."

He thinks that the band's progressive approach to jazz is the most important feature of their work.

"Australians are never long-haired about their music," he added.

"We don't have to follow the old negro styles as we did when we were students."

Graeme Bell and his Australian Jazz Band are unique in modern music.

Overseas authorities in the world of syncopation say that they have played as a unit longer than any contemporary band.

Duke Ellington, their only rival for this honor, had a big change in his line-up two years ago, but four originals of the Bell band are still going strong.



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"Isn't she lovely!" That's what men and women so often say about the blonde or brunette who uses new Sta-blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye.

She can be YOU. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than

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**ALSO IN NEW
2-OZ. SIZE!**
(COCONUT ROUGH EXCEPTED)

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Brevity, plus sleeve interest, is a new style in 1952 jackets. This fashion item answers the query of a reader who writes from Darwin.

"I WOULD like your help in designing a short bolero jacket. My bust measurement is 34in. The jacket will be worn mostly over black. I want it simple but smart looking and suitable to slip on in the day or evening."

Have your bolero jacket bust-length and made with balloon sleeves, as illustrated at right, because that is the newest way. The jacket is suitable for day or night and I would advise a vivid color. Peacock-blue, crimson, sulphur-yellow, and apricot are all currently popular colors. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. The panel on this page will tell you where and how to order.



Bolero jacket suitable for day or night in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 34in. material or 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

Martingale belt

"I HAVE seen yellow wool for a topper coat to be made a little longer than hip-length. I intend having it plain and tailored, but am hoping you will suggest something new and different."

Why not have a classic-type jacket finished with a "martingale," meaning a half belt at the back? These martingale belts are an incoming fashion that made their first appearance at the Paris spring openings.

Coat-frock

"I HAVE been given a length of grey flannel and am not sure if it would be best for a frock or coat. It is a medium weight."

You could have a coat that is also a frock—a button-through dress. Have it made with high revers and cuffed sleeves, well fitted at the waistline, and a skirt widening into a "bell" silhouette. When worn as a dress, the skirt width could be bolstered with an apricot-pink taffeta petticoat.

Figure faults

"I AM in my fifties and find my waistline getting rather thick in proportion to other measurements. I have always had a long neck, but now it is scraggy, too."

The following suggestions will help to play down your figure faults. Stand-up collars and any type of cravat or scarf are the two best ways to disguise a thin, long neck. For a thickening waistline, the button-up coat-frock, princess lines, and fullness above the waist are excellent camouflage. Be sure you avoid any waistline emphasis, particularly wide, fancy belts. Do not wear your skirtline too short.

Spring colors

"WOULD you tell me what shades will be worn for next season? I am being married in the spring and want to plan my trousseau now."

The color story for spring commences with grey. Dark shades of grey, some almost black, are worn by day, peary to misty tones in the evening. All shades of beige are an important color revival. Light reds, pinks, clear spring-green, yellow, blues from sky to turquoise, and a peacock-blue have a fresh springlike quality. There is a general trend towards color combinations not only of neutral but of bright, bold colors. Two examples—beige suit, grey coat, and tan accessories; yellow dress, grey coat, and black accessories.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design, and cost of pattern, 3/6.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"ANTOINETTE".—Shirt-waist style dress, obtainable in lightweight British melange. The color choice includes grey, blue, green, and brick-red.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/19/11; 36in. bust, 99/11.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 74/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 78/9. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"SIBELLA".—An attractively styled, warm winter dressing-gown made in plain wool with corduroy velveteen trimming. The color choice includes red with light red trim, dark brown with light brown trim, and brown with beige trim.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/19/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, £6/5/3.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 99/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 104/6. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 44.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 14, 1952



Pelaco White
is always right

Pelaco Whites feature Australia's smartest looking collar. Well-dressed men insist on Pelaco Shirts, for they have learned that no other shirt can give such day-long collar comfort and smartness. All Pelaco Whites are tailored from snow-white quality poplins, and, of course, Sanforized shrunk to guarantee perfect fitting through countless launderings . . . Pelaco White is always right.

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Those who require a folding stove will find the Model 404 "Bushman" a winner. It has all the features of the "Jubilee" and when folded up, carries like a suitcase.

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NO OTHER
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BON AMI "hasn't scratched yet!"

GIVES SINKS, BATHS,
REFRIGERATORS, POTS AND
PAWS A SUPER-SHINE AS
YOU CLEAN... AND BON AMI
IS SO KIND TO YOUR HANDS!



"Do tell me what it was... I didn't quite catch the ending."



"Let's not pool our loot this time, Butch. After all, you found a lot more nice things than I did."

It seems to me

WHEN Mother's Day first became established in Australia, which is within living memory for a lot of us, the gifts chosen to mark it were restricted in variety.

At first it was chiefly florists who benefited. A bunch of white flowers was the customary present. Indeed, I remember hearing one mother of teenagers remark that if anyone gave her a white chrysanthemum she would throw it in the giver's teeth.

She said that a gift of white flowers would make her feel as old as Mother Machree, and no woman likes being made to feel older than she is.

Mother's Day has come a long way since then, and the gifts suggested cater for all ages and tastes. They range through flowers, chocolates, stockings, and perfume to refrigerators and fur coats.

Just how wide are the tastes of modern mothers is shown by the window of a Sydney jeweller's store. Among the gifts displayed for Mother's Day are barometers. Not those tricky little things with male and female figures which pop out of a doorway, signifying whether it's going to rain or shine, but a plain, honest-to-goodness aneroid barometer.

As I passed the window the other day one man was saying to another, "By jove, that's nice. Wonder if I could give that to the wife and get away with it?"

POLICY-HOLDERS of insurance companies in Ohio, U.S.A., have suggested "bridal insurances."

They argue that a father of daughters should have some way of providing against the high cost of weddings.

I do hope the insurance companies, if they take it up, are tactful. To vary the premiums according to the risk would be so unkind to the little girls.

You can just hear one tot saying to another, "Yah, your father pays the lowest premium in the State on your bridal insurance."

MANY anglers felt a sense of shame when they read of the man in New Zealand who has tamed a school of fish.

According to the story which tourists brought back to Wellington from the Marlborough Sounds, in the South Island, a man named William Ker feeds about 100 cod and snapper every day. Mr. Ker lives on the shore of a lonely bay, started about four years ago to tame the fish, which now calmly raise their heads for food. Some of them have pet names.

One of the reasons why soft-hearted people steel themselves to angling is that fish, though beautiful, graceful creatures, seem unaffectionate. You cannot imagine getting to know them as you do cats, dogs, possums, and even tortoises. The expression "cold fish" says it all.

Now Mr. Ker has upset this notion. How awful, to pull in a handsome bream and think that if you had been patient and kinder you might have known him by his first name.



Dorothy Drain

BLASTING and bitter, the westerlies have swept winter over the eastern States.

Heaven knows, the arrival of winter is a miserable certainty, but it is curiously difficult to believe in beforehand.

Sitting huddled in woollens, it is easy enough to remember hot weather and plan next summer's clothes. It is much harder, in summer, to organise winter clothes.

On the first freezing day I rushed out with several thousand others to the woollen counters. Women were reducing the piles of sweaters to a shambles, trying them for size, asking for a yellow 34, and settling for a mauve 36.

"You'd think they had never heard of winter," said a salesgirl wearily. "We've had our woollen goods since December."

"HOW is YOUR cold this morning," is the current greeting in the circles I move in.

Etiquette demands the answer: "Frightful, thanks. How's yours?"

I thought I knew all the cold cures, right back to the precautionary cake of camphor worn in a little bag on a string round the neck.

But one can always learn. In a recent issue of the English "Sunday Times" a doctor tells in a letter how he met a village woman whose son had had whooping cough. She cured it, so she said, by giving him a cooked mouse to eat.

Probably comes under the heading of shock treatment.

FOUR out of five women don't know how to push a pram, wash-up, or carry a shopping bag correctly, says the principal of a London school which teaches body and mental re-education.

Not for want of trying, is it, girls!

DISCUSSING the appointment of General Matthew Ridgway as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, "The Times" says: "What is important is that General Ridgway has the ability to 'get on' with soldiers of other nations."

"My boy," said the grey-haired soldier, "My battles are over and won."

"Yet hark to the things I've told you: Experience counts, my son."

"And this I have learned: remember

"To-day it's the same as of yore,

"War isn't all medals and glory,

"But often, frankly, a bore."

"The enemy? Well, you fight him

"And peace treaties make amends,

"But allies? Take care not to slight 'em."

"It's hard to get on with your friends."



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Always look

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for the name

ON UNDERWEAR

MU14, HPM.

Some of my patients...

SURGERY AIDS HARE-LIP... THIRD DEGREE BURNS

"DOCTOR, may Mrs. Brown see you for a moment?" asked my secretary, putting her head round the door. "She seems very upset."

Mrs. Brown came in with a rush of distressed apologies.

"Forgive me for interrupting you," she said. "But I've just been to the hospital to see my son's baby."

"You know how they've wanted one for years ... Well, it's been born with a hare-lip!"

"Gwen is just broken-hearted. And I feel I can't bear to tell anyone about the baby, the poor little darling, because he looks so grotesque."

She was nearly crying, but fortunately I was able to reassure her. Besides, I knew all about the hare-lip because Gwen is my patient and I had delivered the baby.

"I know it's a blow to you all," I said, "but fortunately the hare-lip is only on one side and plastic surgery has advanced so far that with an expert to operate on the baby I can promise you an almost perfect result."

Mrs. Brown wasn't to be soothed easily.

"But his nose, doctor," she exclaimed. "He was crying when I saw him, and his face was all twisted and out of shape!"

"Yes, but that will come all right. Crying—and laughing, too—exaggerates the deformity because there is a break in the circular muscle which surrounds his mouth. He'll be fixed up long before he begins to laugh."

"But his nostril on one side is broad and flattened," she objected, "and the tip of his nose points to the other side of his face."

"That will be all right, too," I told her.

"Is he all right otherwise?" she asked me.

"Yes. I've examined his jaw and palate and they are perfect. Sometimes in these cases there is something wrong elsewhere, especially with the spine or feet, but Gwen's baby has been spared that."

Mrs. Brown was calmer now. "When can the operation be done?" she asked.

"I've been trying to contact the plastic surgeon, as it may be possible to arrange to operate before the baby is 48 hours old. Otherwise he'll probably be left for two weeks at least."

"It's generally recognised that the sooner the operation can be done the better, but not when the baby is between four and eleven days old."

"In the meantime, assure Gwen that I told you he would be all right. It's even more important than usual that the mother shouldn't be upset so that he may be well fed."

"Thank you, doctor," she said. "I promised faithfully I'd tell her everything you told me."

She paused. "Oh, just before I go—I noticed this was on his left side. I knew another baby with a hare-lip on his left side ..."

"Yes, and don't ask me why, because I don't know," I said. "It's about twice as common on the left side as on the right."

I added: "You know, Mrs. Brown, you said you couldn't bear to tell anyone about the baby."

"It mightn't be a bad idea not to tell the baby himself when he gets older that he ever had a hare-lip. He might get the mistaken idea that his mouth looks funny."

"Good-bye, now. I'll be looking in on Gwen."

A hare-lip is a grief to any proud young mother and father.

Apart from the fact that a cleft jaw and palate are often associated with other malformations in the spine and feet, the mother always wonders whether any of her future children will be afflicted with hare-lips.

If a condition is truly hereditary its incidence in families

By A Doctor

follows strict mathematical laws, and unless this can be proved it should not be regarded as being hereditary.

This has not been proved in hare-lip and cleft-palate cases.

It has been suggested that it may be due to deficiency disease suffered by the mother in her early pregnancy.

While we don't know the cause, we know that a baby like Gwen can be made into the "thing of beauty" he should be.

THAT evening I was exchanging a few words at the garden fence with my neighbor and his grandson, Jimmy, a lad of about 12.

"What's a third-degree burn, doctor?" Jimmy said, breaking in on my remarks to grandfather.

"Now, now, Jimmy," said his grandfather. Then to me: "You see, a friend of mine in the country has been burnt and taken to hospital in a pretty bad way."

"He's got third-degree burns," said Jimmy. "What are they?"

"Well, Jimmy," I said, "first-degree burns are those in which the skin is only reddened and swollen but not broken."

"Second degree is when the skin is blistered as well as reddened; there is fluid in the blister and the burn is very painful."

"Third degree is when parts of the skin are burnt off, the ends of the nerves are left exposed, and the patient suffers severe pain."

"Leave any mark?" inquired Jimmy bloodthirstily.

"Yes, sometimes some white scarring."

"What about fourth degree?" "All the layers of the skin are destroyed; the patient doesn't suffer much pain, but will probably be scarred and deformed by the contraction of the tissues."

"Any more degrees?" asked Jimmy, hopefully.

"Yes, there are, but not tonight," I told him.

"What will they do for my friend?" Grandfather wanted to know. "Is there any new treatment?"

"First-aid in burns is still of very great importance. Such things as covering the wound and keeping the patient warm and relieving his pain, generally by morphia, lessen the shock which may cause death in the first day or so."

"Shock doesn't depend so much on the depth of the burn as on its extent, its position, and the age of the patient."

"And the younger the patient the greater the risk to life."

"Of course, when your friend is in hospital he will be given serum or plasma transfusions when he needs them."

"Didn't I see that this new drug cortisone or A.C.T.H. is used now, doctor?" asked Grandfather.

"Yes, on occasions it is, but it's not likely to be needed unless the patient has lost about one-third of his skin surface."

"Gee!" exclaimed Jimmy. "That's the drug the cancer johnnies are—"

"Be quiet, Jimmy, and come home," ordered Grandfather.

"Are you in your garden every evening, doctor?" asked the irrepressible youngster.

"Hardly ever," I said in a decided voice.

"Well, I just wanted to know ... " I heard Jimmy protest as Grandfather haled him off.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.



"How come she called you Larry? Is something going on between you two?"



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mrs. Peter Smith, formerly Elaine Hutchison, of Muswellbrook, signs the register at St. Philip's, Church Hill, while her husband and bridesmaids, Joyce Hutchison (left), Geraldine Smith, and Joan Bates, look on. Elaine is the youngest daughter of Mrs. B. M. Hutchison, and Peter is the only son of Mrs. A. L. Smith, of Muswellbrook.



RADIANT BRIDE. Mrs. Rob Scandrett, formerly Rae Eccleston, of "Cottage Creek," Cooma, and her husband, who is the younger son of Mrs. Clive Scandrett, Wollstonecraft, leave St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, after their marriage.



VICTORIAN WEDDING. John Downes, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Downes, of "Brownlow Hill," Camden, and his bride, formerly Joan Whetton, daughter of the Ivo Whittens, leave All Souls', Sandringham, with Mrs. Ronald MacDonald, the bride's niece Suzanne Grimwade, and David Downes.

Social Gossipings

UNTIL she walks down the aisle of St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on May 30, the bridal gown which Christine Wilkinson will wear for her wedding to Bob Watson will be a closely guarded secret.

Christine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkinson, of Hay, and Bob is younger son of Mrs. Watson, of "De Kerillan," Wodonga, Victoria, and the late Mr. Kenneth D. Watson. Lots of country folk from both N.S.W. and Victoria will flock to the city for the wedding, and Christine herself has already made several trips to Sydney to supervise wedding preparations conducted at long range from Hay. Bridesmaids will be pretty cousins Elizabeth and Rosemary Allen, of Cooma.

DISTINGUISHED naval personality Commodore H. J. Buchanan, who took over command of H.M.A.S. Sydney last week, and his charming wife will be missed by a wide circle of Melbourne friends.

The Commodore, who has retired as Superintendent of Training at Flinders Naval Depot, motored up with his wife and younger son, Robert, who will attend Cranbrook School. The Buchanans' elder son, James, who is following in his father's footsteps with a naval career, remained at Flinders Naval Depot, where he is a fourth-year cadet.

SO that her brother, Dr. Murray Jackson, who is on a brief visit to Australia, could be present at her wedding, Hazel Jackson has set the date of May 17 for her marriage with Count Jerome Morawski.

St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, has been chosen for the ceremony. Hazel, who is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. S. H. Jackson, of T. & G. Flats, Elizabeth St., Sydney, will have her cousin, Major Dawn Jackson, Deputy-Director of W.R.A.A.C., N.S.W., as her bridesmaid.

Jerome is the elder son of the former Polish Ambassador to France, His Excellency Gaetan Morawski, and Madame Morawski. He will be attended by Dr. Murray Jackson.



AT OPERA. Leonie Dorgan wore a scarlet velvet stole over her white frock when she attended the National Opera at the Tivoli with Tom Roberts, of Lismore.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Gillian Davidson, who marries Bruce Powell, of Queanbeyan, at St. John's, Young, on May 31, with hostess Betty MacDonald, who will be bridesmaid, and matron-of-honor Mrs. Geoff Davidson at a pre-wedding party for her at the Pickwick Club.



ENGAGED. Jill Solomon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Solomon, of Lane Cove, and David Jones, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. E. Jones, of Kellyville, who have announced their engagement.



TO MARRY IN SYDNEY. Winsome Shand, only daughter of Mr. J. W. Shand, O.C., of St. Ives, and Mrs. E. M. Shand, of Killara, and Bryan Keisman, of Gordon, who became engaged in London.

TAKING a well-earned rest after 22 years as headmistress of Fort Street Girls' High School is Miss Fanny Cohen, who is on her way to England in the Oracles.

Miss Cohen won't get away from her pupils so easily, though, as one of her ex-students, now famous radio comedian Joy Nichols, is waiting to meet her in London, and she will stay with her niece, Pat Cohen, and another ex-student, Coral Lee, at their flat in London before going to the Continent. Tokens of 650 girls' affection for her were the wrist watch she received from the girls, the portable wireless from the staff, and the black travelling-bag from the Old Girls' Union on her retirement.

BRIEFLY ... Bryan and Jill Mothershead, who were married at T.A.S. Chapel recently, have returned to Armidale, where Bryan is continuing his work with the G.S.I.R.O. Bryan's father was formerly a master at T.A.S. Jill is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Q. A. Biddulph, of Armidale. ... On their way to Europe for 12 months' holiday are Daphne and Jean Matthews, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Matthews, of "Oaklands," Molong. They sailed in the Orontes.



LEAVING ST. MARY'S. Dr. Kevin Byrne, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. K. Byrne, of Lakemba, and his bride, formerly Pat Stormon, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Stormon, of North Sydney, leave St. Mary's Cathedral. They are honeymooning in Tasmania.

GAY party at the woolshed at "Binnowec," Wagga, celebrated Jan Vickery's 21st birthday. During the evening young folk drank the health of the oldest guests, Jan's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dunn, of "Kurrajong," Oura, who are pioneers of the district. Jan, who is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Redvers Vickery, of "Talofa," Harefield, has just returned from England.

IN Melbourne the baby daughter of the Hon. Simon and Mrs. Warrender received the names Edwina Jane Maitland.

DATE for your diary ... The party cruise aboard the Showboat on Thursday, May 15, for the Diagnostic Clinic for Atypical Children.

Anne

DAYTIME DESIGN

★ Six London daytime fashions, expertly designed in beautiful British fabrics, by Michael at Lachasse. The old "new look" persists with skirts voluminous, waists tiny. Grey in all shades is again news, so are oatmeal-beige and a lovely apricot-pink.



● Oatmeal tweed suit, above left, has new horseshoe neckline filled in with a matching chiffon scarf. Note all-round gores placed low on the straight-cut narrow skirtline.

● Feminine interpretation of an Edwardian jacket is seen in the suit, above centre. The tapered jacket buttons high to small revers, the sloping shoulders are unpadded.

● Wool coat, left, is shaped to the waist and spreads into an enormous skirt. The top has a tiered cape effect which dips into a peak at the waist.

FROM LONDON



● Wide-skirted one-piece, above, has all-round pleats. The simple bodice top opens to the waist to show a narrow buttoned-in white pique front.

● Dove-grey redingote, above-left, is finely pleated from bosom to hemline and tied with a self bow high at the throat. The coat is worn over a yellow silk tailored one-piece.

● Fitted suit, above right, has a low-buttoned jacket and long, generous revers. A pleated organza cravat is slotted under the revers to form a vestee. The slim skirt has back pleats.

Rene

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Design for Evening

OH, yes, of course, she was going to ask William Kilroy down to coffee. Well . . . it didn't seem quite so likely in the morning light.

She got out of bed and slipped into the sunsuit she always wore to do her week-end housework. That band-box look could come later.

She whipped round the flat, and made it spick-and-span.

In her little sitting-room she opened the window and stood for a moment enjoying the fresh breeze.

Last night's paper was still lying by her chair. Of course, the oatmeal mask. Yes, she'd try that. Even if she never got the courage to take her flower-fresh face up to the third floor, she'd try this tip for tired typists.

Two minutes later she was spreading the grey, gritty paste generously over her face and neck.

"Allow to dry and leave on the face for half-an-hour." All right, but she'd get on with something while she was waiting. Her bath? And she turned on the taps. And she'd been going to wear her blue linen; it needed pressing, so she plugged in the electric iron.

This business of asking Mr. Kilroy down for coffee . . . oh, no, she couldn't possibly go up and ring at his door. It would look so . . . well, so cheap. Suppose she just happened to meet him on the stairs and asked him in. Yes, that would be better.

Goodness! Ten o'clock already. The milk would have come.

She went to the front door to take it in, knowing in her heart that she was just pretending, that the visit to William Kilroy would never be made; that she'd never have the courage.

The milkman had come, but, bother the man, why couldn't he set the bottle close to the door?

She stepped over the threshold and bent to pick up her half-pint. As she did so, the wind, that lovely fresh breeze coming in her sitting-room window, frisked through the flat and blew her front door shut with a resounding slam.

There she was! A shabby sunsuit and glamor-for-a-farthing spread half an inch deep on her face and neck.

Stupidly, knowing it would do no good, she rattled the door-knob. But the door was firmly and securely locked.

Continued from page 5

She couldn't go out in this costume to ask a passer-by for help.

And then she admitted to herself that there was only one solution. William Kilroy. In a faded sunsuit and with this awful stuff on her face?

When the door-bell rang, William was shaving. Who the dickens could that be? The milkman, perhaps . . . and, a fluff of lather round his chin, William went to the door. What he saw on the mat was certainly not the milkman. It looked more like a monkey, but a very attractive one. And then the monkey said:

"Oh, I'm so sorry, but the iron is running over and do you think you could help me?" "Why, certainly, only I don't quite . . . just what . . . ?"

And then the lovely voice from the middle of this incredible face went on:

"I mean, my bath is probably setting the house on fire, and I'm . . . you see, I'm locked out . . . and oh, can't you do something?"

William came to. The monkey was Miss Holt from down below. Good heavens! Miss Holt! He opened the door wide.

"Come in," he said. "Has your flat got the same geography as mine?"

Ruth took a quick look.

"Yes," she said. "Exactly."

William was already out of the back window and reaching for the drainpipe that ran down the side of the house.

"See you at your front door in half a minute," he called, and slid out of sight.

Ruth turned and ran down the stairs again, and by the time she had reached her own landing William was at the opened door.

"Bath off," he said. "Iron off."

Ruth looked at him.

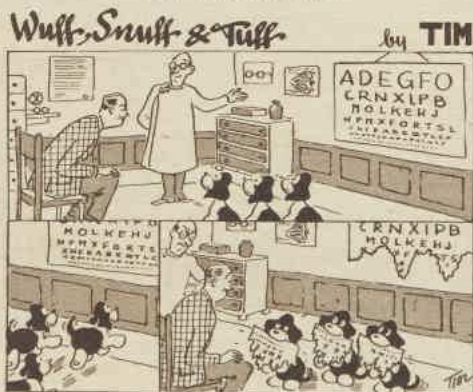
"Oh, thank you," she said. The dry mask made a winning smile a painful effort, but she achieved it, and she also achieved, to her surprise, a cool, sophisticated voice.

"Mr. Kilroy? I'm Ruth Holt. It does seem absurd, doesn't it?" Here she choked, but went on, "I was wondering—could I persuade you to join me in a cup of coffee one Sunday morning?"

William took a big breath and relaxed. The preliminaries, you might say, were over.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



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The Courtship of Caroline

Continued from page 9

AND so early the next day Mr. Adair faced a plump, agitated young Prince across the four-poster where Ned Hereford lay wrapped to the ears against chills.

"You mean," stammered Prince George, "that the so hard-hearted Lady Sarah has had her heart softened by Lady Caroline? She thinks there is hope for me?"

"Well, your Highness," said Mr. Adair, striving for calmness himself, "Lady Caroline bids you come to Bath and see for yourself."

And so, as fast as six galloping horses could do it, a coach containing two agitated young gentlemen and an amused boy drove towards Bath.

It was not until the three strode into the little parlor past Mrs. Morton, the duenna, that anyone realised what a terrific thing was happening. And then she banged the door against curious maidservants, saying, "Massy met" for Prince George of England was on his knees in the middle of the floor before Lady Sarah.

"Tell me it is true, my lovely Sarah, my little treasure! Say it is true your cousin has persuaded you to be mine!"

Lady Sarah said a rather bored, "Yes, your Highness."

Caroline stared at them both. "Persuaded?" she said. Then she saw Mr. Adair and forgot everything else. Betty did not. She tiptoed forward and touched the kneeling Prince on his velvet shoulder. "Your Highness! Don't you think, if my sister Caroline persuaded Lady Sarah to be yours, you should let her have a reward?"

"Crowns, kingdoms, heaped treasures are not too much!" said the enraptured George.

"She doesn't want them, but she does want to marry this Irish surgeon who told

you about it," Betty said. "So if you could just push him ahead enough and get the Albemarle to see he was a good enough match for her—"

"It shall be done," Prince George said firmly, getting up. "This fine young man shall be my personal physician. When I come to the throne he shall be Sergeant-Surgeon of all the English doctors."

"Sarah, my own, my treasure," the Prince said, turning towards her, "get your duenna, and we will drive back to London. Mr. Adair, I am sorry not to ask you to share my coach again. But I will send another for you if you will but be patient."

Mr. Adair made for Lady Caroline. "Your Highness," he said, "it is a pleasure." "For goodness' sake," Betty said to Edward, "let's escape. It is more than I can stand, and I know where there's a wonderful Punch and Judy just beginning on the Esplanade."

But as they passed under the window, they could not escape the sound of the harpsichord; and, after a moment, Lady Caroline's happy voice: "Come to my heart again, Robin Adair!

Never to part again, Robin Adair! And if thou still are true I will be faithful too And will love none but you, Robin Adair!"

"Rat hunts and badgers are better," Betty said firmly. "Well, of course they are," Edward answered. "But it was clever of you, Betty. I got my permission out of the Prince on the way down, too. You are almost as clever as a boy."

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BOURN-VITA**



As I read the Stars

By EYE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): A conversation on May 12 might set the ball rolling. Play the game but watch opponents on May 15, when your plans may be blocked.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): May 11 could provide a welcome break, although you'll be obliged to take the initiative in any schemes afoot. Postpone any deal on May 15.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Pressure from others may suggest short cuts on May 13, yet you'll derive little benefit and might have to retrace your way. May 14 a ray of sunshine.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): May 11 smiles on women and their affairs, also on romance and social life. May 16 calls for discretion and tact, especially in personal matters.

LEO (July 23-August 22): May 10 beams on sporting and social events. If the team wins, you'll be the star turn. You could go haywire on May 13 and undo a lot of good work.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): May 14 is likely to be Virgo Day and few of you will fail to cash in. Allow good luck to go to your head and you'll wreck May 16.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Be a realist, stick to brass tacks, and May 12 is likely to drop a present in your lap. On May 15 you'll be tempted to spend more than you can afford.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Pleasant enough, as a whole, but unsatisfactory in one particular. May 11 is a mixed bag. Assert yourself on May 15 or you'll be pushed around.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Those connected with the armed services are in for a spot of luck. Others may indulge in a small speculation on May 12, but May 16 is up in the air.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Young people and those young in heart should enjoy May 11 to the full, but only hard slogging can get you through May 13.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): A new ambition may be awakened on May 10. Don't let the grass grow under your feet. If May 13 breaks a rung of the ladder, climb higher.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): The grapevine telegraph may be working overtime on May 11 or 13. Plough along your own way, regardless of gossip, and May 16 could grant you a wish.

This is addressed to those

who **CAN** hear

for the benefit of those
who **CAN'T**



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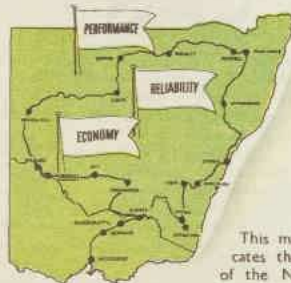


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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Well

ACTED by a practically unknown cast of white and negro players, "The Well" (United Artists) is a competent small film from an independent company.

It deals with racial prejudice in a dignified, commonsense way, and builds up considerable tension.

The drama is tied into the disappearance of a little negro girl whom the audience sees in the opening shot playing in a field and then tumbling down an abandoned well.

When the child cannot be found speculation among townspeople about her fate gives way to the expression of a strong feeling against a white man—a visitor in town and nephew of the local rich man—after he is apprehended by the sheriff. The explosion of a

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

full-scale race riot is averted by the discovery of the child's plight at the eleventh hour.

In a twinkling, potential enemies become neighbors again, as whites and negroes band together with the common concern of carrying out rescue operations.

Some people may feel that these scenes are too long, but they are absorbing in their realism.

Henry Morgan, Barry Kelly, and Richard Rober do a workmanlike job of acting. In Sydney.—Palace.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "People Will Talk," modern comedy, starring Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Tarzan's Savage Fury," adventure, starring Lex Barker, Dorothy Hart. Plus "Riders From Tucson," a Tim Holt Western.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," romantic fantasy in technicolor, starring James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Breakthrough," wartime drama, starring David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. Plus "Last of the Wild Horses," Western, starring James Ellison.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American In Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Sirocco," mystery drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Maria Toren, Lee J. Cobb. Plus "Smuggler's Gold," sea adventure, starring Cameron Mitchell.

LYRIC.—★ "Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair," family comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus "Mark of the Renegade," period drama, starring Ricardo Montalban, Cyd Charisse. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—★★ "The Well," social drama, starring Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, Christine Larson. (See review this page.) Plus "St. Benny the Dip," comedy, starring Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.

PARK.—★★★ "Best Of The Badmen," technicolor Western, starring Robert Ryan, Claire Trevor. Plus "Jungle Headhunters," semi-documentary in technicolor.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Enforcer," crime melodrama, starring Humphrey Bogart. Plus "Cuban Fireball," romantic comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Rendezvous," period comedy, starring Joan Fontaine, John Lund, Mona Freeman. Plus "Horse Feathers," starring Marx Bros.

REGENT.—★ "Sons of the Musketeers," technicolor period adventure, starring Corneli Wilde, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "The Sea Hornet," adventure, starring Adele Mara, Rod Cameron.

SAVOY.—★★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Lavender Hill Mob," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Westward the Women," Western drama, starring Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Pimpernel Smith," adventure, starring Leslie Howard, Myra Morris, Francis Sullivan. Plus "Niagara Falls," comedy, starring Zasu Pitts, Slim Somerville.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"The Last Outpost," technicolor Western, starring Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming, Bruce Bennett. Plus "Behind Prison Walls," comedy-drama, starring Alan Baxter.

MAYFAIR.—"The Model and the Marriage Broker," romantic comedy, starring Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter. Plus "Street Bandits," drama, starring Penny Edwards, Robert Clarke.

VICTORY.—"One Too Many," social melodrama, starring Ruth Warrick, Richard Travis, Rhys Williams. Plus "Skip Along Rosenbloom," starring Maxie Rosenbloom.

She thought
she needed
"medicines"...
but it was
really



"HIDDEN HUNGER"

Doctors and
Nutrition
Experts
agree



that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day—and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" and our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements. This means that while we may not feel actually ill, we are never really well—and seldom look our best.

Your children—and
"Hidden Hunger"



Do they suffer from "Hidden Hunger"? If they are faddy and picky and choose at their food then they are not getting the most good from the food you supply. They tend to tire easily... become "grizzlers" and fall behind. So give them Horlicks

Your husband—and
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HORLICKS
and guard against

"HIDDEN HUNGER"

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RADIO or RECORDS



Lucky Hollywood Stars of 1952

★ It's a good film year for popular Susan Hayward, Janet Leigh, and Piper Laurie. Susan gets a change of pace in a true-to-life drama; comedy helps Janet out of sweet ingenue roles; and young Piper repeats romantic adventure.

PIPER LAURIE (below) with a rabbit friend. Universal's like young actress collects her second starring role in the technicolor adventure "Son of Ali Baba." Tony Curtis plays opposite her.



JANET LEIGH (left) manages Peter Lawford in Metro's "Just This Once," the comedy of a woman lawyer and her wealthy playboy client.



SUSAN HAYWARD (left). Fox's pretty red head supplies technicolored charm in "With a Song in My Heart," the story of American singer Jane Froman and her courageous theatrical comeback.



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been ill, but the doctor was now satisfied that she would make a rapid recovery. A month would have to pass, however, before she could travel with her mother to England.

"What's she coming over for?" asked Mrs. Belchamber. "These children are too old for a nurse!"

"Ursula cooks," explained Robert, "and she mends our clothes, and washes them, and makes up the beds, and sweeps the rooms."

"Well, that's most of the work taken care of," said Mrs. Belchamber, rising. "If she were here, I shouldn't be going downstairs to get the tea. You two—she fixed Robert and Paul with a heady eye—come when I call you. Cressida, I'll send up the boys with your tea and Josette's barley water."

She went towards the door and Robert opened it for her, giving her a stiff little bow as she passed him. He shut it behind her and turned to look at Josette's face, puckered in disgust.

"You do not like the barley?" he asked.

Josette shook her head.

"It'll do you good, you know," said Cressida gently.

"I will make a spell," said Paul, reaching for the pincushion.

"I will make a bad spell for the barley. Perhaps madame will not be able to find it when I have put the spell."

He arranged the pins, Robert and Josette watching fascinated.

"There!" said Paul. "That is a bad spell."

"This is only a game, you know," put in Cressida. "It wouldn't be very nice if we could make bad spells."

"Yes—it would," said Paul firmly.

"Why not?" asked Christopher. "There are good fairies and bad fairies. If there are good spells, there must be bad spells." His voice dropped to a mysterious whisper. "But you must put the spell near the fire. You must warm it, if it isn't warm, it won't work."

Paul walked across the room and laid the pincushion on the fender. "So?"

"So," said Christopher. "Now you must say, Spell, spell, do your work well."

"Spell, spell," enjoined Paul, "do your work well."

"Don't!" said Cressida, her voice breaking sharply into the hushed tones. "Paul, Christopher's only—"

From below there came a harsh call, and Mrs. Belchamber's voice came to the ears of the five in the room. "Come along, you boys!"

Paul's face, rosy in the firelight, lost some of its eager glow. "She is calling," he said.

Robert opened the door and stepped outside. "Madame?"

"Come along—Josette's barley water," said Mrs. Belchamber crisply. "I can't stand here all day."

They heard her foot on the lowest step, and then a bump, an exclamation of annoyance, and a crash. Robert gazed down over the banisters.

"It is the barley," he cried. "The glass is broken."

There was a high, triumphant yell from Paul. He had advanced to meet the outraged Mrs. Belchamber, who had come upstairs to protest.

Continued from page 7

"It was!" he shouted. "It was, it was! It was a spell! I made it! It was a bad spell for the barley!"

"Look, Paul," said Cressida, "it wasn't really a—"

"It was a spell!" shouted Paul, holding the pincushion before the bewildered Mrs. Belchamber. "I made it!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Belchamber, "but if you'd stop fiddling with my pins and go downstairs you can pick up those bits of broken glass. Don't talk spells to me. English boys don't shout at their elders, and they don't make spells, either. Now get downstairs, the two of you, and have your tea."

Her flat, matter-of-fact tones would have broken a less nervous spell. The two boys went downstairs. Mrs. Belchamber followed them, forgetting her determination to deprive Christopher of a tete-a-tete.

Left in the semi-darkness, he relaxed against the head of the bed, looking now at Cressida, sitting at the foot, and now at Josette, who lay and looked up at him with a smile which grew every moment more uncertain and with eyes which closed gradually in sleep.

He stretched out an arm and picked up the pincushion which Paul had left on the table.

"Sh-h!" Cressida said warningly. "She's asleep."

CHRISTOPHER nodded. He was busy rearranging the pins. He finished his work and held it out across the bed to Cressida. "It's a good spell. It's for you."

"Me?"

"Yes. It's to find you an exceptional husband."

"You're very kind, but I'll manage that for myself."

"He's to be tall," went on Christopher, "and rather my coloring. He's to be strong, in mind as well as in body—something after my type. He's to have enough to keep you comfortably, but he's to have a profession, too—he could be an architect, for example. He must be kind to orphans."

"He must look at you—just once—and forget all other women forever. He must cherish you and protect you and hold you closely in his arms and tell you that he loves you with all his heart and hopes that one day you'll marry him and live happily ever after—"

Josette stirred, threw out an arm, and turned restlessly. In a moment Cressida had bent over her, murmuring soothing sounds, and bending upon Christopher a look full of reproach and accusation.

"There!" she said. "See what you've done!"

If Major Gray drew any conclusions from Christopher's frequent appearances at Green-sleeves, he gave no sign. He was to be seen on most afternoons standing in his attitude of quiet welcome at the great door. Cars drove in, waited for their owners, and drove away. The tourist season—Major Gray's season—was at its height, and Christopher saw with unwilling admiration that the warmth of the welcome,

the thoroughness of the tour, never slackened.

Though Cressida never appeared, Christopher sometimes waited for her, and Major Gray showed always the same lack of self-consciousness in going through the familiar routine.

At times, Christopher tried to talk of her father to Cressida, but, while she answered freely questions relating to the major's career, her replies were merely factual. Christopher did not try to probe her feelings. He was content, for the moment, to leave things as they were.

It was in this mood that a sudden thought struck him one day as he and Scotty were chatting. He gave an exclamation.

"Listen—it's my birthday soon. If we've got the Belchamber off our hands by then, or even if we haven't, let's have a party."

"A party always sounds a good idea," said Scotty. "And there's another thing. It's Cressida's birthday about now."

"Then that makes a party imperative."

"What do I have to do?" inquired Scotty.

"Nothing. I'll do it all."

"Oh. Well, in that case, count me in. There's a cake-shop near the Pig and Whistle where they'll make you a cake with pink icing and all the trimmings. Don't forget the candles and ices. I'm fond of ices. You'll have to do things pretty well if it's going to be a double event."

"Double event?"

"Well—yes. If it's to be your birthday and Cressida's joined, it's going to be a double event, isn't it?"

"Ye-es." Christopher's gaze fixed absently on space.

It could, perhaps, be a double event. If he could persuade her—if he could make her see that he wasn't, after all, so precipitate. Love's arrows flew swiftly. She knew that he loved her; he had but to find out whether she loved him.

A double event. He would ask her, and, if she was kind, their engagement and his birthday could be celebrated at one and the same time.

"Why does not Cressida come?" inquired Josette.

Mrs. Belchamber peered over her reading glasses. "How do I know? Ask your cousin Christopher there"—she threw a glance at him as he half sat, half lay on Josette's pillow, one of her hands held in his. "Ask him; he saw her last, when he took her home last night."

"Is she sick?" Josette asked, turning to look at him.

"I don't know, Josette," said Christopher.

"Then ask her," directed Josette, with the imperiousness of a pampered convalescent. "I would like that Cressida should come."

"Not 'that Cressida should come.' I would—like—Cressida—in—come. Now say that slowly."

"I—would—like—Cressida—to—come."

Christopher's lips did not move, but his heart echoed the words. She had not come. Perhaps she would not come again.

Please turn to page 39

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY!

DARLING DO YOU REMEMBER THIS SPOT ON OUR HOMEOWN?



WILL I EVER FORGET IT — IT WAS HERE



I LANDED THAT FORTY POUND COB!



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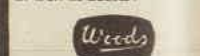
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DOLCIN

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

3/41



1 RECRUIT ANGELA (Vera-Ellen) is big attraction at the Bowery Mission. Philanthropic Park Avenue dowager Letitia Hill (Marjorie Main), centre, is surprised and glad.



2 GAY bachelor Charlie (Fred Astaire), is Letitia's nephew, and a constant thorn in her side. He has an unfortunate habit of proposing to pretty girls. Letitia usually finds that a cheque helps in straightening out his entanglements.

BELLE OF NEW YORK



3 MEETING a band of Mission workers on a street corner, Charlie falls in love with Angela at first sight. This time it is real love.

DESIGNED for light-hearted entertainment in the Fred Astaire manner, M.G.M.'s gay musical "The Belle of New York" turns back to the beginning of the century.

It depicts, in bright technicolor, the days of horse-drawn street-cars, can-can dancers, and Saturday night bath-tubbing.

Arthur Freed, whose recent successes include "An American in Paris" and "Show Boat," produced "The Belle of New York," which introduces a new crop of tuneful songs, including "Naughty But Nice," "Baby Doll," and "Oops," to support the popular title tune.



4 STREET-CAR conducting job is taken by Charlie to prove his sincerity to Angela. She displays continued disinterest in her suitor.



5 ARRANGEMENTS are made for the wedding when Angela is finally convinced that Charlie has reformed. Letitia couldn't be happier, as Angela is one girl of whom she can and does approve.



6 STAG party on his wedding eve is given for Charlie by some of Angela's friends from around the Mission. On top of the world, Charlie imbibes too freely and fails to turn up at the church at the set wedding hour.



7 UNDERSTANDING bride arrives at Charlie's home ready to forgive, but Charlie insists on giving Angela up because he feels unworthy. Angela thinks he regrets proposal.



8 FLAMBOYANTLY dressed and with a new flirtatious manner, Angela visits the cafe where Charlie, as a sign of repentance, is working as a singing and dancing waiter. Determined to save Angela from herself, Charlie proposes again.

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UNDoubtedly,

Christopher reflected, he had rushed his fences, and he had come down, as he deserved. He had been mad to imagine that because Cressida's beauty, her calm sweetness, her aloofness had captivated him, he could look for as swift response in her. He was a fool, a vain, blundering madman.

But she loved him. She had said so. If he had not been sure that that was all that mattered, he would not have persisted so long, so hotly.

"But if you love me, Cressida, why—why not? There's nothing to stand in the way. I love you and you love me—you've said so. Then why won't you marry me?"

She had been white and still. She had freed herself, gently, from his arms. "I've told you, Chris. I love you, but... it was like this before. I loved him, too."

"Well, you were young—it was four years ago. Every beautiful girl is in love at eighteen. What does it matter? You loved a fellow and forgot him, poor devil—but that was yesterday. This is now!"

"But you don't understand, Chris. Listen—please, darling, listen! You see, I wasn't eighteen. I was twenty-two, and I loved him very much, Chris. He was tall, like you, and young and good-looking and gentle and kind—like you—and there was nothing in the way then, either. His parents liked me, I liked them. There was everything—" She stopped.

After a little silence, she went on, "And then he went away—for a year. We could have married before he left, but we talked it over and decided to wait. We wrote, we planned, we lived for the day he'd come back. . . . And before he came back I knew that—that, as far as I was concerned, it was . . . dead."

"I tried to write, but I was—I was trapped. I prayed that when I saw him again everything would be all right. I thought that when I saw him again I'd get back whatever it was that was lost."

"Cressida, my darling, don't cry. Please don't cry."

"He came back. He was as much in love as he'd been when he went away. But nothing I could do—nothing. Chris—could bring back the magic. It was gone. Now, when I'm in love again, I can't—I can't help remembering. I love you, Chris, but you've got to wait. If you'll be patient—"

"A year!"

"Yes. Try to understand, please. If you wait, Chris, and let me prove to myself that I can trust my feelings, that they'll stand up, this time, to any test—"

The Spell

Continued from page 36

She would not give in. He had not, in the end, been gentle, and he had left her, at last, shaken and trembling—

Christopher came to himself to find Josette shaking his arm gently.

"You are not listening," she said.

"No. I'm sorry," said Christopher. "Tell me again."

"What she's been trying to tell you, only you've been off on some dream of your own," Mrs. Belchamber stated acidly, "is that she's made a spell."

"Oh!" With an effort, Christopher brought his mind to bear on the pincushion Josette was holding. "This is the spell, is it?"

"It's for Cressida," Josette told him. "To come again."

Christopher rose abruptly. "I'll go across," he said, "and see what's keeping Cressida."

HURRYING

downstairs and out of the house, Christopher was halfway across the backyard when he heard his name called. He turned and found Scotty coming towards him.

"Hey—Chris! Are you going over to Greensleaves?"

"Yes. Cressida hasn't come, and I want to find out—I'd like to know why."

"I think I know why," Scotty said. "A troubled glance towards the wooded hill. 'I think there's a bit of bother up there. I'm not sure that you ought to barge in.'"

"What are you talking about?"

"Her father. He's down here, and there are signs that he's staying down. The caretaker's just been along for milk and eggs. She said the major came down early this morning—with luggage. If that's true, it's the first time he's had his things here for four years. I have an idea he's in trouble."

"Well, there's only one way to find out," said Christopher, "and that's to go over and ask."

He went quickly across the fields, deep in thought. The first object his mind registered was Major Gray's black sports car gleaming in its accustomed place in the garage.

The big front door was closed; after a moment's hesitation, he turned the heavy handle. If he was not yet past the knocking stage, he reflected, then it was time he was. He pushed open the door and stepped into the hall.

Cressida and her father were standing before an empty fireplace.

"Sorry not to knock," said Christopher. "I was worried about Cressida."

"Cressida," said her father evenly, "is very well—as you see."

"We were worried because you hadn't come," said Christopher, looking beyond Major Gray into Cressida's pale, set face.

"I—I was coming," she said. "My father came down unexpectedly, and we—we were talking."

"Yes. We don't often see each other . . . alone," said the major smoothly.

Christopher spoke as smoothly. "This isn't perhaps quite the intrusion it seems. One of these days, when Cressida and I have argued over one or two minor matters, I hope she'll marry me."

"I shall be delighted," said Major Gray, "to place her in such good hands."

There was a pause. Christopher saw that the man was watching him; he knew from the amusement in the grey eyes that he would get no help in whatever he was going to say. It would be better, he decided, to take advantage of the moment and have this thing out.

"Scotty didn't want me to come up just now," he explained, "because he thought the fact of your being here meant that you were . . . worried about something."

"Oh, I'm not worried," smiled Major Gray.

"That's fine. I'm glad," Christopher's tone was firmer. "But if we're to be related, I'd like to feel that Cressida and you place enough reliance on me to let me in on anything that did happen to—come up. Perhaps I should have talked to you before—about wanting to marry Cressida, that is."

"I don't see why," said Major Gray. "Young people arrange these things for themselves nowadays, and the responsibility of the parents seems to have narrowed down to seeing that the wedding arrangements go off to everybody's credit. I hope, Cressida, you'll have a white wedding. A white bride—white velvet. Velvet is so much softer than brocade."

He was not, then, going to meet Christopher halfway. Christopher looked into the calm, handsome face and decided that no good could come of pressing the matter. Cressida, apparently, had come to the same conclusion.

"If you wait," she said, "I'll come back with you."

While he waited, Major Gray talked of matters so trivial that Christopher knew that he was being mocked for his impetuous visit. Then he was out of the house and walking back with Cressida to the farm.

They walked in silence for some way.

"Chris," she said at last.

"Well?"

"It was . . . I was thinking about your coming over just now."

"I barged in," said Christopher. "I didn't want to be overcurious, but if you're going to marry a girl, you like to be there if you feel you can do anything to help her." He hesitated and added, "Or to help her father."

"Father," said Cressida, "is a very difficult person to help."

"Nobody's difficult to help. If they need something, you've just got to find out what they need and what form they'll take it in."

"The only form my father will take it in," said Cressida, "is in the form which makes it appear that he's doing the giving."

Please turn to page 42

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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Beauty in brief:

A good oil . . .

By CAROLYN EARLE

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GENEROUS oiling of skin that inclines to dryness usually results in flattering improvement of the condition within a reasonable time. A little peanut oil smoothed on the skin before exercising in the morning is another variation.

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**RICH
yet
MILD!**

Look for the **YELLOW PACKET**

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PERRY MASON

Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake have taken the case of Tommy Hadley, whom police think murdered his foster-father, Pops O'Lean. Tommy's sister, Cricket, and her fiancé, Chappie Colefax, find a gun in Tommy's room and an anonymous caller tells the police. Perry has his suspicions when Chappie bursts in saying he can tell him.



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WITH a smile, Christopher said, "I don't mind that. The object is not to please your father, but to please you. You don't tell a man much. All I know is that your father—for reasons best known to himself—uses Greensleaves as a means of exercising his histrionic talents and bringing in some money. I gather that you earn for yourself all the money you handle. . . . There must have been some money once, Cressida."

"Yes, there was," said Cressida. "But it went, and all my father finally had was Greensleaves. Well, you can see that the house, without money, was a heavy burden. I don't like my father's way of—of solving the problem, because it seemed to me that it changed him from what most people would call a pleasant wastrel into—into something less pleasant."

She went on, with an effort: "He may be worthless, or graceless, but he isn't—he isn't really dishonest. Only—if you've seen some of the people who've come down lately, and if you know how far his sales have come from the small things he used to deal in, you'd know why I'm frightened."

"Why did he come? Why is he staying down here?"

"He won't tell me. But I know he's in trouble; I know he is, Chris!"

He took her in his arms.

"You've nothing to worry about, Cressida. I'm in this as much as you are, you know. If you'd wash out all those silly ideas about not marrying me until you've found you're not in love with me any more—"

He felt, rather than saw, the little shake of her head. "Give me time, Chris," she begged.

"I'll give you a little time. We'll shelve the wedding argument for the moment. But I'd hoped to bring off a double event—our engagement and my birthday party. Well, we can still have the birthday party. Scotty says you've got a birthday this month, too. When?"

"The twenty-seventh," said Cressida.

Christopher stared down at

The Spell

Continued from page 39

her. "But that's my birthday, too. And if you're going to be twenty-six and I'm going to be twenty-six, then we're—"

Cressida, for the first time that afternoon, smiled. "We're twins," she agreed.

That decided the matter of the party, and from then on arrangements for it went enthusiastically ahead.

Josette, they decided, was sufficiently recovered to put on a dress for the occasion; the festivities were, for her convenience, to be held in a room upstairs; Paul and Robert were to have new grey flannel suits.

"Are there to be two cakes?" Paul asked Cressida anxiously. "There'll be two," promised Cressida.

"With twenty-six candles each?"

"Two cakes, each with twenty-six candles. There will be things to eat."

"Lots of things to eat!" corroborated Robert.

This attitude of eager anticipation was not shared by everybody at the farm. There was something else on Christopher's mind, and he took a day or two to come to a decision. When he reached one, he waited until Cressida was upstairs with Josette, then he went swiftly across the fields to Greensleaves.

He found Major Gray in the great hall of the house, a notebook and pencil in his hand. He was obviously making a list of his effects.

"You must have had a hot walk," he said. "There's a storm coming, I think."

"It's close," admitted Christopher, and then, without further preamble: "I walked across to talk to you. Perhaps you could spare me a few minutes."

"Why, of course."

"It's chiefly about Cressida," Christopher began. "I'd like to be married at once, but Cressida's decided to—"

"I know." The major's voice was sympathetic. "She's got this fantastic idea that that little affair of four years ago—"

"She prefers to wait," said Christopher, "and so," he lied,

"it's all right as far as I'm concerned. That isn't what I came to see you about."

"No?"

"Last time I was here," said Christopher, "you'd just come down—not as you usually come, but in a way that made me feel that things might not—he had rehearsed the words—'might not be well with you. It would be unparadise of me to pry into your affairs, but I think you know that Cressida . . . worries about you.'"

He paused, then took the plunge.

"I feel that—I'd like to get it out, sir—I feel that you've run into trouble, and while that wouldn't particularly concern me in itself, it's bound to affect Cressida—and if I'm taking over her worries, I'd like to take over this one."

IT was some time before Major Gray spoke. Christopher stood waiting in silence, with no idea whether he had said too much or too little. The major, apparently, was thinking deeply.

"Trouble," he said at last, "is something that doesn't weigh very heavily on me. And my trouble is a common one—the commonest one, perhaps, of all—lack of money. Lack, that is, of sufficient money. I was brought up to expect it, and it didn't come; but the habits were ingrained in me, and they were such pleasant habits that I saw no reason to change them."

He smiled his charming smile. "Greensleaves seemed the answer—but getting money out of people, however you do it, turns out to be a sordid sort of business. But I was doing well—as perhaps you saw. I thought I could go on for a few years and, when the markets looked healthier, sell Greensleaves. But the business—and it was, after all, a business—packed up suddenly, dramatically, and, I'm afraid, finally the other day. And this is how it happened."

He broke off. "Won't you sit down?" he inquired pleasantly. "No, thank you."

The major gave a slight shrug, then continued his recital.

"Well, I was introduced by a very, very important person to a South American. The South American heard about Greensleaves, asked if he could come down, and came, bringing his charming English wife. It was a profitable afternoon. They bought a Saxon lantern. It was genuine, and one of the most lovely things I ever handled."

"I bought it in Germany from an old, old English lady who told me that it had been in her family for generations. I paid handsomely for it, but I sold it for exactly ten times what I gave. I was very pleased. Then a lot of unpleasant things came about: the charming English wife wanted to see as many relations as possible before going back to South America. The old lady crossed the Channel to see her grandniece . . . I needn't go on."

"Taken item by item it was not so bad, but piled villainy upon villainy like that, I couldn't survive it. I had robbed an old lady; I had robbed a young lady; I had greatly deceived the South American and humiliated the extremely important person. You can't do that in the kind of club I belong—belonged to."

He paused a moment, then went on, speaking slowly.

"I came here hoping that the storm would blow over, but I can see now that it won't. I've had to leave the club, and I shan't find myself welcome on the topmost level. So you see, my dear Christopher, there's nothing for Cressida to worry about. I shall either commercialise Greensleaves—how, I can't yet say—or I shall sell it and live abroad."

"I thought—" began Christopher.

"You thought a timely loan might come in handy, and it was good of you. But the time is not yet ripe. I don't doubt I'll come to it. You've got a disarmingly generous look. All I need is thinking time—and I get a lot of that here."

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There was silence, and after a time Major Gray rose. There seemed nothing to say, and Christopher found himself being led to the door. Major Gray came out a little way, and the two men stood looking up at the beautiful house.

"Well, there it is," said the major affectionately. "History in stone. The first time I saw it, it revived a longing I hadn't felt for over twenty years—a wish you wouldn't have shared with me."

"What wish?" asked Christopher.

"That Cressida had been a boy."

Christopher was awakened at dawn on his birthday by two small pyjama-clad figures bringing offerings to his bedside. He sat up, shook the sleep from his eyes, made an effort to appear enchanted, and looked for suitable phrases in which to give thanks for a leather photograph frame and a box of linen handkerchiefs.

"You can put a photograph into the frame," pointed out Paul, the donor. "You can put Cressida."

"She is your fiancée now, no?" inquired Robert.

"Yes. We won't be married yet a while, though."

"Will she live with us?"

"Yes, when we're married. We'll all find a nice house in the country, and a couple of ponies."

"If there are three, it will be better," suggested Robert deli-

cately. "Then there will be one for me, and one for—"

"Yes, yes, of course. Three. What lovely presents! Thank you so much! Are you going out to find Scotty now?"

"No. First you must come to see Josette."

"Oh—we mustn't wake her yet," protested Christopher.

"But she is awake. She has something for your birthday. You must come and see."

It was clear that he must stifle a series of yawns, Christopher put on a pair of slippers and shuffled in the wake of the two eager figures. Josette was sitting up in bed, her eyes shining, and a large parcel clasped to her chest.

"Ah! Bon fete!" she cried, holding out her parcel.

Christopher bent and kissed her. "Thank you, Josette. Can I open it now?"

"Oh yes. It is for that."

Christopher undid the wrappings. Inside was a pair of felt carpet slippers of a pattern he had thought obsolete; they were, moreover, several sizes too large for him and of a shade of yellow that made him feel slightly sick.

"By Jove!" he said, with as much enthusiasm as he could muster. "My goodness, these are smart!"

Josette gave a laugh of purest joy. "I made them! I made them!" she cried. "Madame showed me, and gave me the things to make them, because she did not want them."

Please turn to page 50



Bobby's Team Captain Now!

HIS COLDS DON'T HANG ON ANY MORE!



THOSE DRAGGING COLDS used to keep Bobby home from school and rob him of all his energy. How can you have any fun with all those bad colds? How can you get good marks? How can you play in the team?



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NEW IDEA in America is the pantry-cupboard, which is really only a revival of the old-fashioned pantry in modified form. It is generally cheaper to have one big cupboard built than numerous small ones. It is a memory-saver, too, because everything is under your eye at the same time.

The kitchen

By JOAN MARTIN

Occasionally, as she bends over the washing-up or peers anxiously into the oven, even the most contented housewife gets a vivid picture of herself in her ideal kitchen.

IN this wonderful place, floors and pots shine, and on the stove succulent dishes are cooking in the latest fireproof glass or gleaming copper utensils.

The cook herself happily presses numerous electric buttons which do all the work for her.

Gadgets take over and the housewife has the day free to read the paper, sew, or enjoy a game of canasta with her friends.

This isn't so with me, and I'm sure it's not with you.

Preparing and cooking food, washing dishes, and placing everything in its proper

place must be repeated so often that anything we can do to make any one of these tasks easier is well worth the effort and expense.

Although over a period of years my house has acquired many wonderful labor-saving devices, there is still a lot of hard work involved in the preparation of meals, and much of my day must still be spent in the kitchen.

The first thing, then, to remember when building a new home or remodelling a kitchen is that no matter how modern you make it you will still spend a good part of your life in it.

If you are planning a new home and are

still in the blueprint stage, give some thought to the idea of bringing the kitchen into the living-room.

Doing this means that while you are cooking and going about your kitchen chores you still share the room with family or friends. Dinner parties, though necessarily informal, are much more fun.

If informal living appeals to you, this set-up seems ideal.

This type of living-room-kitchen is especially good for beach or week-end homes, where entertaining loses so much of its joy when host or hostess must spend a large part of valuable holiday time preparing meals.

This way everyone takes a hand—you may even discover unexpected culinary talent among the guests!

It is possible, however, to do wonders with an outdated kitchen at very little cost, allowing for improvements as circumstances permit.

First you must make a list of mistakes to be rectified—lack of cupboard space, bad lighting, shelves too high—to which you will add any helpful suggestions friends make, ideas from magazines, and what labor-savers you hope to install either immediately or later.

What you can afford to spend will natur-

ally determine the plan, but remember that the kitchen is one room where most of the furniture and accessories are of a permanent nature and cannot be moved around easily.

If, for instance, you plan to have a washing-up machine or a new refrigerator some day, be careful to leave suitable and sufficient room for it.

With unit furniture available to-day, modernising the kitchen in easy stages is simple, and cupboards to suit all needs can be added from time to time.

There is, however, an American idea, illustrated above, that seems to me ideal.

It's called a pantry-cupboard, and, although the one we have pictured is possibly more elaborate than you require, you will note its obvious advantages—narrow shelves (no more rummaging, everything in full view), large bins for flour, sugar, bread, etc., even the back of the door provides storage.

In the sketch below right you will notice beside the stove a rack for storing meat dishes, tin plates, and cake tins.

Simple as this idea is, very few kitchens seem to have it. I can vouch for its usefulness.

If your refrigerator or ice chest is in the kitchen, it is a good idea to have a safe immediately above it.

Into this will go all hot foods until cool enough to place in the freezer. Ready-built safe units are easily installed.

A cupboard above the mixer stocked with everything you need for baking—spices, vanilla, baking powder, scales, currants, raisins, etc.—will simplify cake-baking day.

It is not enough for the kitchen to be compact and efficient. It should also be colorful.

Color schemes are limitless and a matter of personal taste, but here are a few suggestions:

- Black-and-white checked linoleum—white cupboards—deep green walls—red chair.
- Blue linoleum—pink cupboards and walls—black-and-white striped curtains. (Yes, pink in the kitchen looks most attractive.)
- Dark red linoleum—white cupboards—light grey walls—yellow chair.
- If the room is sufficiently light, dark-blue walls—white cupboards—and a red-and-white checked linoleum would look wonderful. The old combination of red, white, and blue never fails!



PLATE-RACK for meat dishes, tin plates, and cake tins is handy to have next to the stove. Another saver of time and space in the kitchen is the cupboard door that lets down to become a shelf. Note the useful cupboard space under the stove.



BREAKFAST for two in a corner of the kitchen. This arrangement would be ideal for flats or kitchens where space is precious.

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10/5/32

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PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6866.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make, short-sleeved, tailored blouse. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

F6863.—Small girl's cosy winter dress. Sizes, 18, 20, 23, and 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6864.—Long-sleeved winter nightgown designed for the larger figure. Sizes, 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. ¾in. lace edging. Price, 4/6.

F6865.—Three-piece lingerie set with lace trim. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for nightgown, 2yds. 36in. material for slip, 1½yds. 36in. material for scanties, and 4½yds. ¾in. lace, plus 6yds. ¾in. lace. Price, 4/9.

F6867.—Batwing bodice-top and wide skirt-line are combined for a smart daytime dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6868.—Bare-topped dress with matching bust-length bolero can be made with long or short skirt-line. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 10yds. 36in. material for floor-length skirt and 7½yds. 36in. material for street-length skirt. Price, 4/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



F6865



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 233.—BOY'S SUIT

The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make and shirt is clearly traced ready to smock. The material is Cesora in grey, green, brown, cream, and maize. Shirt and trousers may be ordered in different colors. Sizes: Length 18in., for 2yrs., 19/11; 19in., for 3yrs., 20/9; 20in., for 4yrs., 21/11. Postage, 1/8 extra.

No. 234.—TENNIS DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to sew, with full making instructions. The material is white pique. Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 235.—BREAKFAST CLOTH

An attractive cloth with matching serviettes is obtainable cut out ready to make with a contrasting applique trim traced ready to embroider. The material is check cotton, obtainable in yellow, white, black; red, white, black; green, white, black; blue, white, black. Cloth measures 48 x 48in., serviettes 11 x 11in. Price, cloth 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each. Postage, 3d. each extra.

No. 236.—TABLE CENTRE

Table centre cut out ready to make with a pretty, clearly traced floral design ready to embroider. The material color choice includes cream Irish linen, sheer linen in sky-blue, green, pink, lemon, and white, and British cotton in pastel pink, blue, green, and lemon. Size, 11in. x 17in. Price, Irish linen and sheer linen, 5/9; cotton, 3/9. Postage, 5d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 14, 1952

KNITTED SLIPPERS

● These felt-soled slippers with knitted uppers of thick Totem wool will be comfortable and cosy for a baby between 12 and 18 months.

TWO small dogs in a contrasting shade are knitted in simple Fair Isle pattern on each slipper.

Here are the directions for making:

Materials: 1oz. main color Patons "Totem" Knitting Wool (brown wool was used in original), scrap of Totem wool in contrast (blue was used); 1 pair No. 4 knitting needles; 1 pair size 5 child's felt soles; ribbon for tying round ankles.

Abbreviations: Br. stands for brown; bl. stands for blue.

Tension: 5 sts to the in. in width.

Using brown wool and No. 4 needles, cast on 63 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: P 29, slip 1, p 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, p 2 tog., p 29.

Join in blue wool.

5th Row: K 2 br., k 2 bl., k 8 br., k 2 bl., k 14 br., slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 14 br., k 2 bl., k 8 br., k 2 bl., k 2 br.

6th Row: P 2 br., p 1 bl., p 9 br., p 1 bl., p 14 br., slip 1, k 1 br., p.s.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 14 br., p 1 bl., p 9 br., p 1 bl., p 2 br.

7th Row: K 2 br., k 2 bl., k 8 br., k 1 bl., k 13 br., slip 1.



PATTERNED with two small dogs and trimmed with bows, these knitted slippers will intrigue a toddler. Each slipper is knitted in one piece, then sewn to a felt sole and joined at the back seam. See directions at left.

k 1 br., p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 13 br., k 1 bl., k 8 br., k 2 bl., k 2 br.

8th Row: P 3 br., p 2 bl., p 7 br., p 1 bl., p 12 br., slip 1, p 1 br., p.s.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 12 br., p 1 bl., p 7 br., p 2 bl., p 3 br.

9th Row: K 3 br., k 11 bl., k 10 br., slip 1, k 1 br., p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 10 br., k 11 bl., k 3 br.

10th Row: P 3 br., p 11 bl., p 9 br., slip 1, p 1 br., p.s.s.o., p 2 tog. br., p 9 br., p 11 bl., p 3 br.

11th Row: K 3 br., k 11 bl., k 8 br., slip 1, k 1 br., p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 8 br., k 11 bl., k 3 br.

12th Row: P 2 br., p 12 bl.,

p 7 br., slip 1, p 1 br., p.s.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 7 br., p 12 bl., p 2 br.

13th Row: K 2 br., k 1 bl., k 8 br., k 6 bl., k 3 br., slip 1, k 1 br., p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 3 br., k 6 bl., k 8 br., k 1 bl., k 2 br.

14th Row: P 2 br., p 2 bl., p 8 br., p 5 bl., p 2 br., slip 1, p 1 br., p.s.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 2 br., p 5 bl., p 8 br., p 2 bl., p 2 br.

15th Row: K 12 br., k 4 bl., k 2 br., slip 1, k 1 br., p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 2 br., k 4 bl., k 12 br.

16th Row: P 13 br., p 1 bl., p 3 br., slip 1, p 1 br., p.s.s.o., p 1 br., p 2 tog. br., p 3 br., p 1 bl., p 13 br.

17th Row: K 13 br., k 1 bl., k 2 br., slip 1, k 1 br., p.s.s.o., k 1 br., k 2 tog. br., k 2 br., k 1 bl., k 13 br.

Break off blue wool.

18th Row: P 15, slip 1, p 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, p 2 tog., p 15.

19th Row: K 14, slip 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 14.

20th Row (Ribbon holes): P 1 * wl. fwd., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Rib four rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Reinforce toes and heels by stitching a small piece of felt in place. Ease toes of slippers slightly. Embroider eyes and bows on dogs. Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Attach work to slipper soles. Join back seam. Thread ribbon through holes.

Ideal present for mother

"YOU and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., is a most acceptable present for a young or an expectant mother.

Attractively illustrated, this parentcraft book gives simple, concise, and practical guidance to mothers.

The preparation of the home for the coming baby, early care of the child, and the personal care necessary for the pre-natal and post-natal periods are discussed. Valuable exercises are illustrated.

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in all capital cities. Price 8/6, postage 9d. Names and addresses should be clearly printed in block letters.

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To keep your hair lovely and lustrous



Solyptol Soap
"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE!"

Page 45

The Neal family of 8 vote for RINSO's thicker, richer suds!

2 SETS OF TWINS 14 MONTHS
APART MEANS 4 BABIES TO WASH
FOR! ORDINARY SUDS JUST AREN'T
IN THE RACE — I COULDN'T MANAGE
WITHOUT RINSO!

I NEVER MIND LENDING
A HAND WITH A RINSO WASH-UP!
YOU CAN'T BEAT THESE
THICK RINSO SUDS

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MUMMY HOW NICE WE ALL
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VARIATION OF ONE-EGG BANANA CAKE. Cook cake in a sandwich-tin instead of a bar-tin. When cold, split and fill with lemon spread. Top with a layer of lemon spread and crushed cornflakes.

Prize recipes

Grilled chops develop a new flavor when brushed with the sauce featured in this week's main prizewinning recipe.

A CONSOLATION prize is awarded to an economical cake — a one-egg banana bar. The cake cuts into approximately 15 to 18 half-inch slices.

All spoon measurements are level.

DEVILLED LAMB GRILL

Four shortloin chops or chump chops cut 1/4 in. thick, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Remove skin from chops, secure shortloin chops with a cocktail stick to preserve shape. Grill 8 to 10 minutes, turning several times. Mix sauces, mustard, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, butter or substitute, and parsley until well blended. Spread thickly on one side of each chop, place under

hot grill for 2 minutes. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Taylor, 318 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

ONE-EGG BANANA BAR

Two ounces good shortening, 3oz. sugar, 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 small bananas (or 2 medium-size), 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons water, 1/4 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, chocolate or coffee warm icing, mock cream or fresh whipped cream.

Cream shortening thoroughly with sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten egg, then mashed bananas. Mix thoroughly. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then soda dissolved in water. Fill into greased bar tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, top with chocolate or coffee icing, allow to set. Slit diagonally across top, fill with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. I. B. Brine, Dinning Terrace, Bordertown, S.A.

Basic Recipe No. 2

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

HERE is the second of the basic recipes which we will publish each week. Cut them out as they appear and paste them in your cookery book for easy reference.

INEXPENSIVE TEA-BUNS

Four ounces self-raising flour (1 graduated measuring cup), pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons good shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, flavoring (spices, fruit, grated orange rind, nuts and peel, etc.).

Pre-heat oven, grease oven-trays, prepare flavoring ingredient to be used. Sift flour and salt (adding any dry flavoring spices used), rub in shortening with the fingertips until mixture resembles coarse bread-crumbs. Add sugar and selected flavoring (clean, dried fruit, grated orange rind, or

chopped nuts and peel). Beat egg, add milk. Add to dry ingredients, mixing lightly and quickly to a consistency firm enough to hold its shape. Place a large teaspoonful at a time on a greased tray. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, sprinkle tops with sugar or dust with icing-sugar before serving.

VARIATIONS

Orange Buns: Add the grated rind of 1 medium-sized orange, mix with orange juice instead of milk.

Raspberry or Apricot Buns: Roll mixture into small balls on a floured board. Press a hole in centre of each and fill with apricot or raspberry jam. Pinch edges lightly together.

Rock Buns: Add 2 tablespoons currants, sultanas, chopped dates, or mixed fruit and sift 1/4 teaspoon spice with the dry ingredients.



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From our Picture Cookery Book

Nourishing Soups & Broth

An imaginative and thrifty cook can produce
a great variety of soups from simple ingredients

THE three delicious soup recipes given here are taken from our new Picture Cookery Book, which is now available to all our readers.

The book is an illustrated reference work on all phases of the preparation and cooking of food.

Every one of its hundreds of recipes is so clearly set out that the novice has every chance of making a success of the chosen recipe at the first attempt.

You can make sure of obtaining your copy of this practical cookery book by following the instructions given at the foot of this page.

SCOTCH BROTH

One to 1½ lb. lean beef, 2 quarts water, salt, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 2 leeks, 1½ oz. pearl barley, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley.

Put meat into pan, add water and salt, bring slowly to boiling point, then simmer gently for 1½ hours. Add diced vegetables. Put the barley into cold water, bring to boiling point, strain and add to broth. Simmer until barley and vegetables are cooked—about 1 hour. Serve meat separately on a dish with a little broth. Put the parsley into tureen and pour in broth. If any fat appears on surface, remove it with a spoon.

SIMPLE MINESTRONE SOUP

One pound carrots, small piece of turnip, 2 stalks of celery, 1 lb. artichokes, 1-2 onions or leeks, 1 oz. fat, 2 pints stock, seasoning, a bouquet garni, 2 tablespoons macaroni, a little ketchup, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, grated cheese.

Prepare vegetables and cut into small pieces. Melt fat and saute vegetables for 5-10 minutes. Add stock, seasoning, and bouquet garni. Cover and simmer for about 1 hour or until vegetables are tender. Re-season and add ketchup. Before serving, remove bouquet garni and add parsley. Serve with grated cheese handed separately.

A bouquet garni consists of fresh or dried herbs, tied in muslin and placed in the soup while cooking and removed before serving.

POTATO SOUP

Two pounds potatoes, 1 onion, 1-2 stalks of celery, 1-1½ oz. fat, 2 pints stock or water, salt and pepper, 1 bay leaf, 1 blade of mace, ½ oz. flour, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

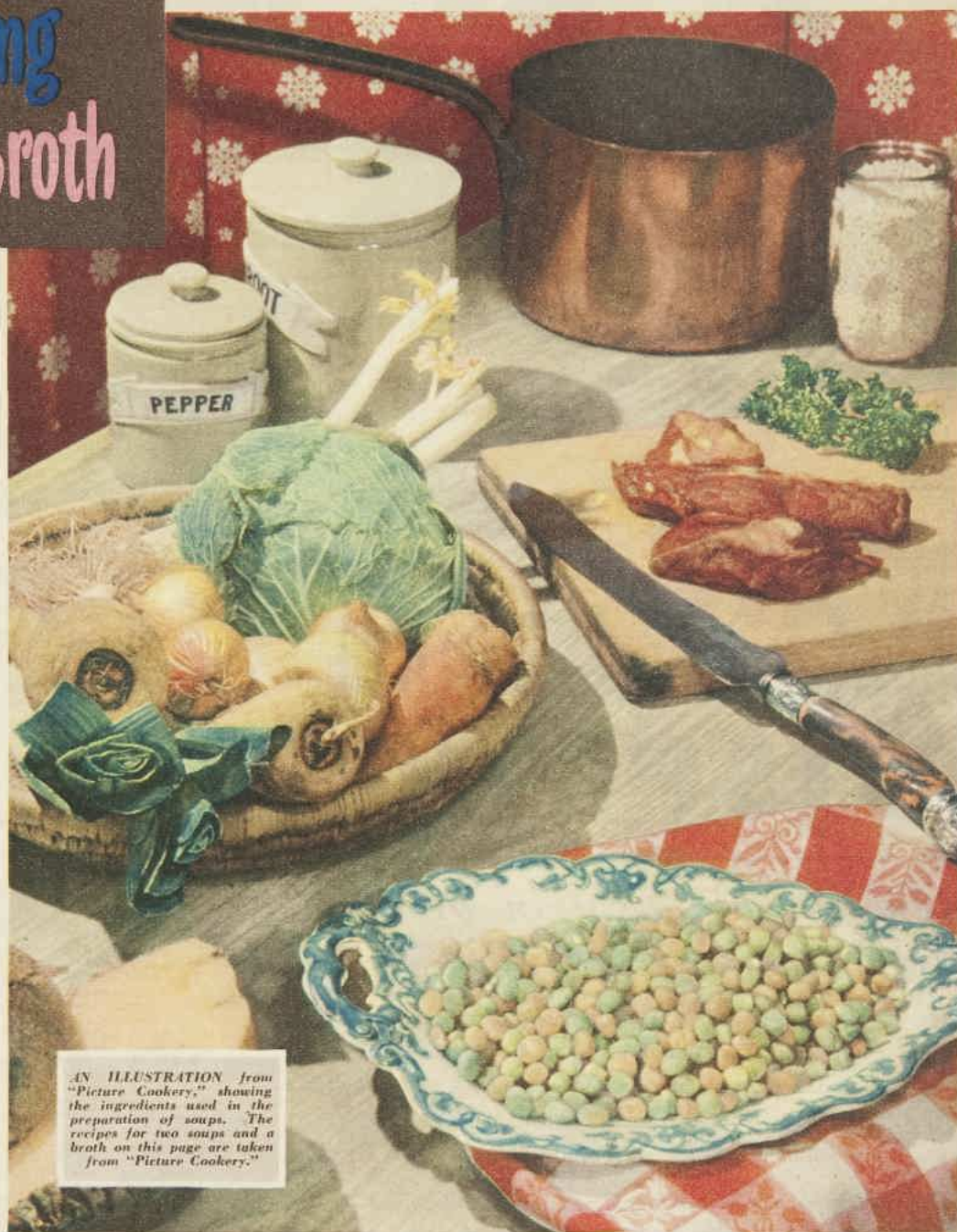
Peel and slice potatoes, chop onion and celery. Melt fat and saute vegetables for 5-10 minutes. Add liquid, seasoning, and herbs. Bring to boil and simmer till vegetables are tender and potato breaks up. Mash with a fork or potato-masher. Stir in flour blended to a smooth cream with milk, and boil for 2-3 minutes. Add the chopped parsley just before serving.

GARNISHES FOR SOUPS

• Onion Rings: Cut an onion into thin rings and fry these in a little fat until brown and crisp. Add to the soup just before serving. Chopped and fried leeks may also be used.

• Macaroni, Spaghetti, and Pasta Garnishes: Specially suitable for minestrone or any thin, clear soup. Break in small lengths and add to the soup, allowing 20-30 minutes for macaroni and spaghetti to cook, less time for small shapes.

• Crispy Potato Rings: Cream 1 lb. seasoned mashed potatoes with 1 oz. margarine, 1 tablespoon milk, and 1 egg; pipe on to a greased tin and cook 5-10 minutes in hot oven.



AN ILLUSTRATION from "Picture Cookery," showing the ingredients used in the preparation of soups. The recipes for two soups and a broth on this page are taken from "Picture Cookery."

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DISPRIN

(REGD)



THE New Soluble ASPIRIN

No wonder Madame hadn't wanted the things, Christopher thought ruefully. If they had been intended for the late Mr. Belchamber, he reflected, that gentleman must have had a large foot. Two large feet, he decided, lifting out the slippers with every appearance of eagerness.

"You will be able to wear them every day. We shall see them when you put them on," pointed out Paul.

Yes, there was that. He wondered what his man Merrow would say when he saw them. They would have to be kept on with string or elastic.

"They're lovely—everything's lovely," he said. "Thank you all very much. I'm going to have a lovely birthday."

The children, at any rate, were prepared to enjoy it. In spite of the heat, the boys made several journeys up the lane to see whether the van from the baker's, bringing the two birthday cakes, was on the way.

They offered to help with the preparations for the party, but were found to be so much in the way that Mrs. Belchamber finally sent them out to Scotty with a message that he was to keep them out.

Soon the room upstairs began to assume a festive air. As the afternoon drew near, plates filled with delectable home-baked cakes were carried up and placed on the big, round table, the centre being left free for the two birthday cakes.

The room was closed during lunch, but after lunch Mrs. Belchamber permitted everybody a peep into the room. Josette, carried pickaback by Christopher, viewed the scene with crowds of delight.

"Now back to bed," he commanded, "and a good sleep, or no party! Tuck up, now. Eyes shut!"

Josette shut one eye; Mrs. Belchamber drew the blanket across the window.

"The telephone is ringing," announced Robert. "Please, may I go to it?"

"Go ahead," said Scotty. "If it's the doctor, say the party's at four, and tell him not to be late. If it's the baker and there's any hitch about the cakes, call me and I'll deal with the monster. I hope they've got initials on. Have they?"

"Yes. They asked, and we told them," said Paul. "Why are you C.P.?" he asked Christopher. "Is it for Paul, like me?"

"Right," said Christopher. "Christopher Paul. I was going to be Christopher St. Armand Robert Paul—but your father stepped in and saved me."

"Who was telephoning?" Scotty inquired of Robert, who had come upstairs, a little breathless.

"I do not know," Robert frowned with a touch of uneasiness. "A lady said, 'Is that Green Farm?' and I said, 'Yes,' and she said, 'Can you say if Mrs. Belchamber is there?' and I said, 'Yes, she is here; shall I call her to speak?'"

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. Belchamber sharply.

"She—she did not say," faltered Robert. "She said that she is coming to see you this afternoon. She is coming in the train, and then she will get a taxi, she says."

"Didn't you tell her there was a party?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"I—I—There was not time," said Robert. "She went away."

There was a short silence, and an odd air of tension in the room.

"What is she coming for?" The question came from Josette. She was sitting up in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes fixed upon Mrs. Belchamber.

"She thinks she's coming to take me away," said Mrs. Belchamber brusquely.

The words, short and sharp, had an extraordinary effect on the three children. Robert was silent, the color draining out

The Spell

Continued from page 42

of his face; Paul, too, was silent, but his cheeks grew redder and redder. From Josette's eyes fell one, two tears, and then a steady stream.

"You—you will not go?" faltered Robert.

"No!" It was a shout from Paul. "No!" He stared at Mrs. Belchamber and advanced, step by step, towards her. "I know who this is. She is the one who came before, on the station—no?"

"Yes, that's the one," admitted Mrs. Belchamber. "But—"

"Then she shall not come," said Paul fiercely. He seized the pin-cushion from beside Josette's bed and tore the pins out of it passionately.

"She—will—not—come—to—take—you," he ground out, stabbing the velvet anew. "See!" He held the pin-cushion in a dramatic gesture. "I have made a spell! A bad spell!"

"There's no need for spells, thank you," said Mrs. Belchamber. "Put the thing down and try to behave like an English boy instead of a film star. She won't come to-day, if she's got any sense. When this storm breaks it'll wash all the trains off the lines. Go on outside, all of you—look what you've done to that child, who's supposed to be convalescent. Go on—out!"

She swept out everybody but Cressida.

PUNCTUALLY

at four the party began, the first excitement being provided by Josette's appearance in a pretty little frock; the next by Mrs. Belchamber's entrance in a dove-grey creation beneath the usual black hat.

She assumed command of the proceedings, welcoming the doctor with an attempt at graciousness, running a keen eye over Scotty's best suit, and refusing to allow anybody to get a close view of the two birthday cakes which—raised above the lesser fare—waited for their candles to be lit—a ceremony which was not to be performed until the end of the party.

As the party progressed, there were occasional flashes of lightning. Presently the rain fell, fast and then faster, but the company was too merry to notice.

The ample tea was disposed of and the remains removed; the two birthday cakes still stood, pink-iced, rose-bedecked. It was time for Josette to be going back to bed, and Mrs. Belchamber called a halt in the proceedings.

She and Cressida would bring up the ices, the candles would be lit, and the ceremony of cake-cutting would begin.

Scotty accompanied the two ladies downstairs—not from gallantry but in response to Mrs. Belchamber's request to "come and make himself useful for a change."

Christopher settled down to play host, and had organised a game of hunt the slipper with one of his birthday slippers when the door opened and Scotty's head came round it.

Something in his expression made Christopher uneasy; he left the others to play and made his way to the door. Scotty drew him out on to the landing. "You'd better come down, if he said."

"What for?"

"Well—someone's come. Don't know who, but I've got an idea it might be Lucy Locket, the gaffer's daughter—you know, the one who wants to whisk the old girl off."

"You mean she came through this storm?" Christopher asked. "Yes, and she looks it, too. I've put her in the big front room."

"But she doesn't want me," protested Christopher. "She'll want to talk to Mrs. Belchamber."

"Well, she can't—not just at

the moment," said Scotty. "Is the first place, she isn't fit to talk to anybody—and you can't introduce her into the party at this stage of the proceedings. Go down and tell her you'll produce the Belchamber as soon as we get the doctor off and the kids out of the way. She can't object to that."

Christopher turned towards the stairs, but Scotty, putting out a hand, grasped his arm. "Come with me—wait a minute."

He went into Josette's room and took from a table a small glass. Holding this, he took Christopher's arm and led him along the corridor.

"Where're we going?" inquired Christopher.

"I always keep a bottle of the best, against emergencies," Scotty took a bottle of brandy from the cupboard and poured a stiff drink into the glass. "There! Get that down her."

"Are you out of your mind?" asked Christopher, staring. "Do you expect me to walk in with a drink and—"

"Chris, don't argue. That woman down there needs it. If she doesn't drink it, she'll go down with a fine dose of pneumonia—she's soaked to the skin and her teeth are making noises like castanets. Go on—get that down her, ask her to wait, and then leave the brandy to do its beneficial work. Oh, there's one more thing. I found out what she's called."

"Well?"

"Her name," said Scotty, "is Miss Cubitt."

Christopher went reluctantly towards the stairs, passing on the way the over-excited Paul, who, tiring of hunting the slipper, was using up surplus energy by running up to the top floor, poising on the broad, polished banisters, and sliding down with outstretched arms and jerky-swiftness.

"See," shouted Paul, having climbed to the top once more. "I can fly!" He took off with a swift, downward rush, an arresting and dramatic figure. He landed with precision and prepared for another ascent.

"Look!" Christopher was not looking. He was hurrying, as fast as he could, down to the hall, where a woman stood at the door of the big room. She was deathly pale. Christopher placed the glass of brandy on the floor and, stepping forward, was just in time to receive Miss Cubitt's crumpling form in his arms.

To carry her into the room and lay her on the sofa was the work of a moment. Christopher went back for the brandy, shut the door carefully, and knelt beside her. He held the glass to her lips and Miss Cubitt, with a shudder and a gasp, opened her eyes.

"Don't try to talk," said Christopher gently. "Just drink this and you'll be all right."

"I don't—thank you, no—I—"

"You're wet and cold, and it's better to save yourself a severe chill," urged Christopher. "Please drink this."

She swallowed it in a gulp. "I'm—I'm—You must forgive me," she murmured presently.

"You must forgive us," corrected Christopher gently. "We've given you a lot of trouble, one way and another."

"No... no," Miss Cubitt closed her eyes and in a moment was asleep.

Christopher walked to the door. He closed it behind him so that the sounds upstairs should not disturb the sleeper. He went upstairs.

The company had been assembled round the table; the three children, eager and breathless, were watching Mrs. Belchamber as she drew the two birthday cakes forward to be cut.

Please turn to page 52

**stormy
weather**

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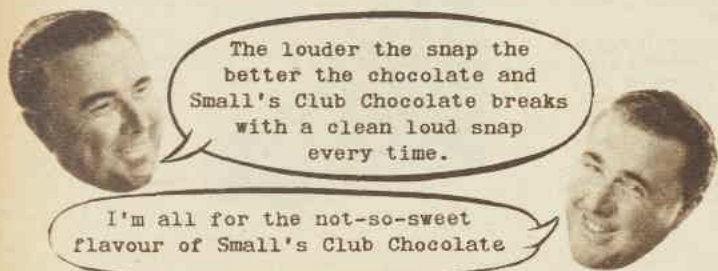
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The Spell

Continued from page 50

PICKING up two knives, Mrs. Belchamber gestured at Cressida and Christopher. "Two knives," she stated. "Cressida, there's yours. Here's the other one—now come and stand here," she ordered Christopher.

He stood where she pointed, side by side with Cressida. Before them, on the table, stood the two birthday cakes. Icing, decorations, candles...

Scotty waited until the pieces of cake had been taken round. Then he came up to Christopher. "You were a long time," he said. "Did you have trouble in persuading her to wait down there?"

"No. She's asleep." "Asleep? That'll be the drink you gave her. The next thing'll be to tell the old lady she's here."

"Who's here?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber. "Visitor for you," said Scotty. "Name of Cubitt."

"Oh—that detestable creature? Did you tell her to go away?"

"How could we do that?" asked Scotty. "You've been playing a nice game of come-and-get-me, and now she's come."

"Well, tell her to go away again."

"You tell her," invited Scotty.

"Certainly I'll tell her. Where is she?"

"She's in the big front room," said Scotty. "She's asleep." "Asleep?" Mrs. Belchamber's mouth dropped open in astonishment. "Are you joking?"

"Would I dare?" asked Scotty. "She was a bit washed out when she arrived."

Mrs. Belchamber gave up the attempt to visualise the situation. "I shall go down. I don't understand a word you're saying."

"If I were you," said Christopher, "I'd take the doctor down with you. I think she must have stumbled coming up the lane—I saw a bruise on her head, and she didn't seem herself."

The doctor, hastily eating the last morsels of his cake, announced himself ready to accompany Mrs. Belchamber and examine the visitor. He made his farewells, congratulated his host and hostess on the success of the party, thanked them, and bowed Mrs. Belchamber out.

"Who's the visitor?" asked Cressida. "Is she the one?"

"Is she that one?" Paul had come up and was looking up at Scotty eagerly. "I put a spell for her—a bad spell."

"No more spells," said Cressida. She bent over the sleepy Josette and swung her into her arms. "Bed," she said. "Bed for a tired girl."

Josette made no protest; she allowed herself to be removed, and Robert and Paul followed her, armed with cakes.

"Well, that's over," said Scotty, viewing the littered table. "Funny about Miss Cubitt," he said reflectively. "Would you have believed, when I first set eyes on—you know who I mean—that I would have felt a pang at the thought of her leaving? But I do. I get a very, very funny feeling—and it isn't relief. It's not even—well, what is it?" he stopped to inquire of Paul.

"There is a man with a car. An automobile—outside."

"Did he say he'd come for Miss Cubitt?"

"Miss Cubitt—yes."

"All right, Paul—go down and tell him we'll let her know."

Mrs. Belchamber entered the room, dressed in her long tweed coat. "I'm going to the station," she announced. "I shall put Miss Cubitt on her train, and then come back in the taxi."

"Did the doctor see Miss Cubitt?"

"He did. He said her nerves

were shaky—he put it down to the storm and the bump she gave her head on the gate. I didn't disabuse him."

"Disabuse him?" Scotty stared at her.

Mrs. Belchamber drew on a pair of neat black gloves, and then spoke. "I knew, when I first saw her, that there was something peculiar about her. I didn't like her manner at all. Now I know what's the matter."

"Well—what?"

"Drink. You might have been taken in with that cow-and-bull story about this and that making her feel queer, but as soon as I got into the room I knew what was the matter with her. The doctor asked her a few questions, and found that she couldn't remember anything from the time she'd opened the gate until the moment she found herself lying on the sofa. I didn't say a word, but I used my nose, and it never deceives me. She had been drinking."

"But look here—" began Scotty anxiously.

Mrs. Belchamber held up an arresting hand.

"You needn't fear," she said acidly. "I shall say nothing to anybody. I shall put her on the train with a message to the effect that I've changed my mind about living at Melhampton. The house is no longer mine, and I've no wish to interfere with the way in which they run it." She drew in a deep breath.

"If they want to employ women who can't get through a gate when they see one, it isn't my affair. I don't think this creature is fit to get herself into a train without help, and I don't want it known that somebody who came to visit me went away in a state of intoxication."

The door closed behind her.

DAWN next day found Christopher tossing restlessly after a sleepless night. He let the morning grow older and lay where he was, thinking. He heard cautious footsteps outside his room, and closed his eyes until Robert and Paul, peeping in, had gone away again.

Presently, when all was quiet, he rose and dressed. He found the kitchen empty; his coffee and a dish of bacon and eggs were being kept warm on the stove. He drank the coffee and made his way outside and went in the direction of the lane. He drew aside to allow a milk van to pass, and heard Scotty's voice hailing him.

Scotty came towards him and jerked his chin after the van.

"That chap told me some news," he said. "Greensleeves is up for sale."

"How did he know?"

"It's in the agent's hands," said Scotty. "The council made him an offer, but he turned it down a few days ago. Now they think he might have changed his mind—or lowered his limit. They think he might—Chris—hey!"

Scotty's cry went unheard. Christopher had begun to run; he had cleared the gate; he was on the road and gaining impetus; he was speeding through the grounds and making for the house.

There was no sign of Cressida, and—for once—Christopher was thankful. He went into the hall and stood still to recover his breath; when Major Gray came in he was breathing fast, but evenly.

"You're an early visitor." The major's voice had all its usual quiet pleasantness. "Are you looking for Cressida?"

"No." Christopher plunged without preamble. "Scotty tells me you're selling Greensleeves."

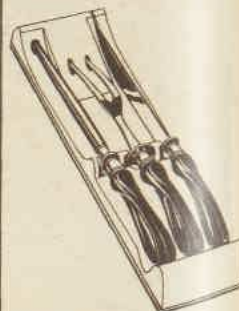
The major shrugged. "I am. Grenton Council made me an offer—at last. They will give me a quarter of what it's worth, but who else will buy it?"

"I will," said Christopher.

Please turn to page 53



This month, Pat demonstrates the art of carving with the help of a Prestige Carving Set.



...The feature of this set is its black 'pistol-grip' plastic handles built with handy thumb-rests and specially curved to follow the contours of your hand, steadying it while you carve.

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1 stewing fowl (about 3 lb.)
1 pint water: Salt and pepper.
1 onion; 1 clove of garlic; 1 sticks celery; Parsley, thyme and bay leaf; 1 oz. butter or margarine; 1 oz. flour.
Put 2 pint of water in cooker, add fowl, salt, pepper, onion in quarters, clove of garlic, celery, spices. Cover, bring to pressure, pressure-cook for 30 minutes. Reduce pressure with cold water, take out fowl, cut into joints for serving. Strain off stock, make sauce with 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, strained stock. Put fowl and sauce back into cooker, re-heat in open cooker before serving.

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AS he said the words, Christopher saw the first unguarded expression he had ever seen on Major Gray's face.

"Why you?" he asked.

"Why not me?" countered Christopher.

Major Gray spoke slowly. "I thought once—that first time—that you might make an offer. I knew you had the money. Then, when I decided to sell, I thought your attitude had changed—you didn't look to me as keen as you'd been."

"Why have you decided to sell?"

"For the reasons I gave you the other day. I thought I could go on for a bit longer, but my credit's gone. I'm not sorry it's over, but I'm sorry the house is to go. If things had been different I might have had a shot at keeping it—somehow, in some way. If I'd had a son there might have been some point in it—but Grenada will marry and go away."

He paused. "And that, in effect, is what I shall do. Only in reverse order."

"What?"

"I shall go away and marry." "Marry?"

Major Gray smiled. "I don't know why I tell you. I've never mentioned it to Cressida, and you can tell her or keep it to yourself—just as you like. There's been a strong attraction taking me abroad for the past few years. To Capetown."

He paused, then continued: "You see, I've met another Annette—Cressida's mother, you know, was Annette—and one way and another I began to see a good deal of her. I tried to persuade her to marry me and come to England, but she's a good businesswoman and she didn't see any future for us at Greenleaves. She was right."

"So, when the sale goes through, I shall go and settle out there and hand my capital over to her to look after. I like South Africa—as much as I like any place for long. But one's views change. My feet are getting heavier than they were."

He gave a little shrug. "I'm glad Cressida is going to marry you. If you'll take a word of advice, you'll have one more go at trying to get her to marry you without that delay she's determined to impose—but, if she won't, your best plan would be to keep out of the way a bit and see what absence does to make her change her mind. But I have a feeling you'll find her coming round sooner than you expect."

"I hope so," said Christopher.

"And now—hadn't we better talk about Greenleaves?"

"You're quite certain you want it?"

"Quite."

"I'm glad. But I want a good price, you know."

"Name it," said Christopher.

Mrs. Belchamber settled Josette more comfortably on the sofa and tidied away some of the toys that accumulated during her convalescence. Josette watched with her usual calm complacency.

"Please do not take the little doll," she said. "I am talking to her."

"Oh! Well, there you are, then." Mrs. Belchamber handed it over.

"Now who," she demanded, "broke this nice little paintbox?"

"Nobody broke it," said Josette.

"Nobody?"

"No. By mistake, Robert fell on it when he was fighting."

"You mean fighting with Paul? What were they fighting about?"

"They were fighting because Robert said he had more spots, and Paul said no, he had more spots."

"But they haven't got any spots! I looked this morning."

"Not now. Not this time," said Josette. "The other time when they had spots like me."

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The Spell

Continued from page 52

Mrs. Belchamber stared at her. "You mean, they had—Are you trying to say they had measles before? When you were in France?"

"Yes."

"Well, why didn't you say so? Why didn't you tell us? We've all been waiting for them to get them."

"You can twice," said Josette. "That is what you said. They can have more?"

"They—" Mrs. Belchamber broke off, exasperated. "They're not likely to get them a second time at their age. If you'd told me, I should have known."

With this obvious truth, she swept the surplus toys into a neat pile and went downstairs, still making sounds of annoyance.

Over lunch, Christopher said, "I've got some news."

"I knew you had," said Cressida. "You look—different."

"Well, come on," demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

"I've bought Greenleaves."

"You've what?" Scotty rose from his chair and gave Christopher a tremendous thump on the shoulder. "Chris, my old son, say that again!"

"All right. I've bought Greenleaves," Christopher repeated.

"Oh—Chris! Cressida's

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eyes were on his, but he could not read her expression.

"You've bought that house?" asked Paul. "For us to live in?"

"Yes."

"Shall we live in it?" asked Robert.

"Yes. Are you glad?"

"I am glad," said Robert without hesitation. "I shall be happy."

There were exclamations, explanations, suggestions, and a general chorus of congratulation. Cressida's eyes, at first unreadable, began to shine and glisten, and Christopher did not have to wait for her words. She, like Robert, was happy.

Only Mrs. Belchamber made no comment, and Christopher, after waiting for one of her usual caustic remarks and hearing none, found himself left with a curious feeling which he interpreted as pity for her homeless state. He wondered whether she had made any plans and, if so, what they were.

He was not left long in doubt. Mrs. Belchamber put up a scraggy forefinger as he prepared to follow Scotty outside after lunch and beckoned him to her side.

"About Greenleaves," she began at once. "I'll make you an offer for the west tower. I'll rent it on a yearly basis."

"I'm very sorry," said Christopher, "but—"

"We shan't meet, never fear," swept on Mrs. Belchamber. "I don't want those children all over my part of the house. I shall keep myself to myself, and I hope you'll do the same."

"As a matter of—"

"I don't want to go back to Switzerland, even if I could get there," proceeded Mrs. Belchamber. "I like Greenleaves; it's got what very few houses have—style."

"Yes, but you see, I—"

"About servants. I've thought all that out," said Mrs. Belchamber. "There's a couple there already—Emile and his wife—that's two. I shall get Mrs. Garcia to come. Shall you be keeping your flat in London?"

"For the present. But—"

"Well, then your man won't be available. I shall send for my two Swiss maids, and I shall keep one and give you the other. The children will presumably be at a boarding-school soon, and you'll go up to town every day, or stay up in town during the week, so there won't be a great deal of work except during the holidays."

"I wonder if you'd let me say a few—"

"The only thing that remains to be settled is the figure for the rent. We can walk over to the house together and decide upon the exact number of rooms I'm to have, and then we shall know where we are."

"My dear Mrs.—"

"I'm glad to have it settled," declared Mrs. Belchamber, beginning to clear the table. "I wonder if you'd mind going outside while I get on with this? I shall work better if you're not in here chatting. Take that milk-jug out with you, will you, and leave it in the dairy?"

Major Gray left England the day before Christopher began the move to Greenleaves. The leave-taking ceremony was brief; Cressida went up to London to see her father off, and returned the following day to pack her things preparatory to returning to her work.

No argument from Scotty, no plea from Christopher had been able to wring from her more than a promise to do all she could to shake herself free of her fears and marry Christopher at once, as he wanted her to.

"I wish I'd rented this farm instead of buying it," Scotty complained to Christopher. "Then you'd have to do all the repairs at no expense to me. You'll buy the butter and eggs and cream and cheese from me, all at top prices?"

"I suppose so," said Christopher. "What are you going to use the bath for when we've gone?"

"I need an extra trough. But I have a feeling that she'll come over here on bath nights, just to—"

"No, she won't."

Scotty's face cleared.

"But I tell you what she will do," went on Christopher blandly. "She's been consulting me—professionally—about putting in a bathroom and etceteras."

"—In my house?"

"Yes."

"She can't," declared Scotty. "She can't do it."

"Why not? All she needs is money."

"And my consent."

"All she needs," reaffirmed Christopher, "is money."

The gloom that descended upon Scotty lasted until the next day, and was still about him when Cressida came over to say good-bye. He kissed her mournfully and watched her go into the house to say good-bye to Mrs. Belchamber.

Christopher sat at the wheel of the car; he was to drive her up to London. Scotty's eyes fell on Cressida's suitcases at the back of the car, and he sighed.

"We'll just have to pray, Chris, old son," he said mournfully.

Christopher said nothing.

Please turn to page 55

Inner cleanliness keeps you

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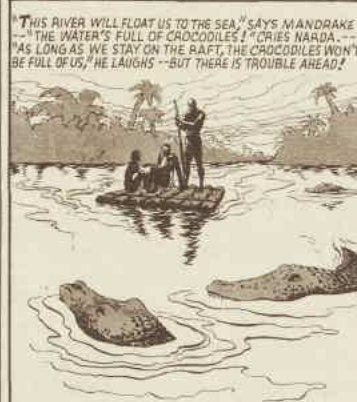
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Lothar fights and sends off into the jungle. Just as Mandrake reaches them, a herd of wild boars breaks through the bushes. Lothar swings into a tree and Narda and Mandrake jump to his hands. **NOW READ ON:**



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The Spell

Continued from page 53

ROBERT and Paul came towards the car. At the sight of them, Scotty said thoughtfully, "Of course, these two might try a spell."

"A spell for what?" inquired Robert.

"To bring Cressida back."

"If she does not come back soon, then we will put a spell," promised Paul. "Can we come up the lane in the car, Christopher?"

"Yes, if you like. What's Cressida doing?"

"She has said good-bye to Josette, and she is saying it now to madame."

Mrs. Belchamber glanced up somewhat impatiently as Cressida came downstairs after saying good-bye to Josette.

"I don't see why you're wasting all this time in saying good-bye," she said. "You'll be back here in a week or two to arrange about your wedding. I don't see why you have to go away at all. You could have sent word to those people you work for and told them you're being married at once."

"But I'm not," said Cressida. "I'm not going to be married for a year."

If she had suddenly produced an extra head, Mrs. Belchamber could not have stared at her with greater astonishment.

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"What's the delay? I thought it was to be soon, from what your fiancé said. What does he want to wait a year for?"

"He doesn't. I mean—I asked him to."

"And why?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber. "I don't believe in long engagements. A lot can happen in a year."

"I know, but I'd rather wait."

"Oh. And that young man out there—is he content to wait?"

"He—he's agreed to wait."

Mrs. Belchamber gave a sound between a sneer and a snort. It breathed such open contempt that blood came to Cressida's cheeks.

"Good-bye," she said. "I hope we'll—"

"A year!" snorted Mrs. Belchamber. "That'll make you twenty-seven."

"Yes."

"An age at which most girls show sense, if they're ever going to have any. Who's going to keep an eye on your fiancé during the twelve months? Have you thought of that?"

"There's no need to keep an eye on him. He—"

It was Mrs. Belchamber's turn to redden with anger.

"Don't stand there making childish remarks," she requested. "I put you down as a girl with a headpiece, and I don't like to find that you're like all the other flutterheads. When you get a man—a young man, a clean-living man, a man with

background and money—you don't wait a year." She fixed Cressida with a formidable gaze.

"In a year, let me tell you, my over-confident young woman, you'll be looking round for him so diligently that you'll wear yourself out in the process—but you won't find him. You won't, but somebody else will. In a month—in a week—your faithful young man will be off."

"That's a matter for—"

"Off. And I'll tell you exactly where he'll be off to. He'll be off to his Mainie."

"Mainie?"

"Ha. I suppose this is the first you've heard of any Mainie?"

"I—"

"I thought so. I don't suppose you know he was engaged to her? I'll tell you her full name, if you'll give me a moment. Dobson, Hobson. No—Robson. Mainie Robson. Now go out there and ask him about Mainie Robson and watch his face."

"I—"

"And I suppose he never mentioned the other one? What did you think he did until he was twenty-six? Don't you know anything about men? He wouldn't mention Elinor to you, naturally."

"Elinor?"

"Elinor something to do with a gate. Gatesby. Gateson. Yes, Gateson. I could have told you he wasn't a man to waste any time when there were women about. Now good-bye. I'm sorry for you, and, if I know where to write to you, I'll send you a line the first time he brings either of his women down to Greensleeves. I can't do more. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Cressida.

Mrs. Belchamber adjusted her hat and went into the front room. Cressida stood where she had left her, in the middle of the kitchen, and stared down at the scrubbed, shining table.

After a while, a faint, amused smile touched her lips. She turned and walked slowly upstairs to Josette's room, rumpled Josette's hair absently, and walked to the window. She looked out on to the yard and saw the car, with the two boys standing near it and Scotty leaning against it.

As she stood, Scotty looked up and saw her and raised a hand.

"Hi there, Cress," he called.

Christopher got out of the car and looked up at her.

"Ready?" he asked.

Cressida looked down at him. She saw his tall, strong figure in flannels and a tweed jacket; she smiled at him and saw the expression in his eyes as he stood looking up at her.

He was twenty-six and she was twenty-six and their house—she glanced for a moment towards Greensleeves—was there waiting for them. Here was all she wanted in the world—and she was leaving it calmly, deliberately, for a reason that seemed, suddenly, to be no reason at all.

"Coming?" asked Christopher.

She saw him growing hazy and then disappearing; she shook her head, whether in answer to Christopher's question or to shake the tears out of her eyes she never afterwards knew.

When she could see again, there was only Scotty looking up at her, a puzzled expression on his face.

"What's up, Cress? Changed your mind?"

She might have answered, but an arm—an arm in a tweed sleeve—came round her and swung her out of sight. Scotty, staring, saw Christopher's face at the window, and the expression on it brought a yelp from his lips.

"Chris—ain't she going?"

"No," said Christopher.

"Has she said so?"

"No," said Christopher. "But you can always tell."

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